THE BALANCED LIFE

BY

CLARENCE LATHBURY



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THE BALANCED LIFE

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BY CLARENCE LATHBURY

And he . . . had a pair of balances in his hand.—Rev. vi : 5



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Goodness and love mould the form into their own image, and cause the joy and beauty of love to shine forth from every part of the face.—*Emanuel Swedenborg.*

The lack of equilibrium is the great individual social evil. To seek equilibrium without and within should be our watchword.—*Charles Wagner.*

Everything that man undertakes, whether by action, word, or in whatsoever way, ought to spring from a union of all his faculties.—*Goethe.*

THE BALANCED LIFE

Chapter I

The Return to Nature

No musician . . .
But be sure he heard, and strove to render
Feeble echoes of celestial strains.—A. A. PROCTER.

For web begun God sends thread.—OLD PROVERB.

THE ideal life is a profound harmony of all the faculties and organs. Every legitimate use and appetite lies easily within the compass of that ample and breezy word—health. The coming heaven of man can not be more than a perfect and joyous interplay of his triple nature. Religion may no longer be limited to "the life of God in the soul of man," he must also have that life in his flesh and intellect; and the irrelevancy or disparity of any part is in a real sense irreligious because undivine and unhuman. Etymologically health is whole-

Health is wholeness.

ness [holiness], and it is a happy and suggestive truth that the words are identical in meaning. There is a hygienic beauty and simplicity which may, without duplicity, be called the religious life of man.

The melody of man.

Investigation reveals his rhythmical and musical structure even in virgin conditions. He is an assemblage of capacities and intuitions that are actually symphonic, a harp of myriad chords keyed to the central melody. He is the poetry and architecture of Love. The human intent is exquisitely poised and proportioned; within it the spheres rotate and sing; within it are earth and heaven—but hell is not intrinsically there, and when present it is as a possession or aberration. Congenitally it shelters all that is beautiful and wholesome in the wide domain of Nature—that enchanting prelude of which man is the song. Its ranked powers are shining and all abreast; it has a range of affinities that touches the entire universe with unutterable adaptation. To say that

in its normal condition it stands perfectly related to all things is simply saying that it is fulfilling its destiny.

Wedlock of beauty, repose and energy.

The return to nature then must solve all social and physical problems and make life once more, what it was designed ever to be, a unity in variety, like an old air concealed in a complexity of variation. There will be an excellent blending of parts and at the same time an exquisite relation to all things that environ it; the wedlock of beauty, repose and energy. Buonarroti speaks of "the expurgation of superfluities," Emerson of "that which is simple, which has no superfluous parts, which exactly answers its end, which is the mean of all extremes—and stands perfectly related to all things."

Faculties all abreast.

Real health means that every faculty and organ shall keep abreast in the race of life, living in absolute fraternity. As the literatures of ages are embosomed in their alphabets, the teeming gifts and qualifications belong to the simplicity of man.

And as a rare and dominant literature must be built of the widest variation of words consonant with its integrity, not one deployed or overworked, but inveterately standing where no other would be able to do similar service, so there must be use and play of the whole scale of life without omission or intrusion. The purport is that life shall become all that it may become, that every note shall find its full sound and rhythm. Some of our friends are like the skies and the waters, and we love them with the same happy instinct; our whole being turns to them magnetically. They have the alluring, healing quality of brooks and trees. A *real* life is lyrical, pure and free like the bird or the morning light, artless and lucid. It is a condition recognized and comprehended only by those who in some sense possess it. When we meet one who is at once simple and beautiful, we realize how much duplicity and emptiness there are around us.

The Return to Nature

Symmetry is congenital.

The deep-lying instinct bows to the universal order, accepts the will of God. Symmetry is congenital, inwrought, and belongs to us as veritably as language. The highest men and women are direct, truthful, and submissive, with all obstruction and subterfuge trained away. We are ever at our heart of hearts on the side of the right; look deep enough and every one is delicately strung, with an artist's soul for beauty, vibrating to life's richest undertones, carrying about an immense sense of mystery and awe. We are satisfied only when our aspirations and acts are held true to the perpendicular law of our being, are poised to the eternal intention for us. In earnest hours we are borne on billows of tendency into the wideness of life and are surprised to find ourselves braver and better than we had dreamed. There are times when peace is so perfect and sight so clear that the faintest shading from the right is detected.

The matchless law.

We recognize within us a perfect and matchless law, and are enamoured by it. The spirit in its pure actions wears all the virtues as fitting garlands. Speak to the deeper heart and the angel awakes, however profound its slumber. We are all better than our theology, carrying ineffable ideals hidden deep within; the pattern in the Mount direct from God's hand gleams like the fire at the heart of the gem. Wonder, innocence, humility, responsiveness, are inevitably there and the child soul gazes straight past conventionality, is open to the truth and aglow with affection. The precious deposit gets covered with the detritus of years, but, undestroyed, will, after a while, spring up as the winter wheat.

Health will be universal.

Life is really the incarnation of the human virtues and volitions—love, truth, liberty and moral power translated into the daily doings, whatever they are. The end of life is to realize all that is in it, to conform with the ardor of youth to

the eternal design for us. It is a glad coöperation with the immutable order, a daily and cheerful demonstration of those vital principles which permeate body and spirit. Thus we regain that lost balance which is the sole avenue to happiness and strength. Sad it is to behold about us many richly equipped persons whose acts are entirely at variance with their intuitions, their hearts casting backward glances of sorrow on the past. Order is our only savior, and like the picture in the soul of the artist it lies within us waiting to be revealed. Every fibre of us leaps with integrity and glows with sympathy. Health should and will eventually be universal; man, like the oak, and with the same irresistible inspiration, will yet fling his form into the heaven and root himself in God. His innate capacities for growth will leave the superfluous and effete behind, while that which is pure and graceful will be renewed.

Craving for completion.

We are insatiable in our cravings for

completion; we search the wide earth for delectation and goodness, and by innumerable ways of pursuit, in defeat preserving an inextinguishable belief that there is still something to be found that will bring sunshine and flowers to existence now. Imprisoned voices as of living spirits are sighing for home. The distinguishing trait of our thinking youth today is a longing for the divine; to be sure, not in the old ways, but it is the same eternal Spirit breathing into new vessels. Thirsting for happiness and holiness, we will not submit to despair; crowded with passionate longings for all that is enchanting and shapely, with an ear straining after melody, we demand something that will unite and clear this mystic existence and domesticate us in the universe.

Thirst for beauty.

Nothing is so athirst for beauty as the soul, nor is there anything to which beauty will cling so readily. "Come poetry, nature, youth and love, knead my life again

with your fairy hands, weave around me once more your immortal spell!" God of joy, lead me through the corridors of joy! Is it weakness to be wrought upon by sweet music, to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of life, binding together our whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration? No, it is our strength, for it is the life's response to its own measure; the chords are trembling to kindred notes, the heart is awaking to its intonations, and beauty is answering to beauty. Said Jean Paul Richter, "Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless days of life I have found not and shall not find." Yet his very despair belied his fear; he had recognized himself, the Creator and the creature were communing across the abyss of love.

Pure vibration.

The soul finds a charm in pure vibration, and this is why music, the universal dialect, exercises so strange a power over every class of people; it is a pure strain of

nature, and speaks of home as nothing else can. We yield it instant attention and find in it certain peace and enjoyment. It intoxicates the senses, quickens the pulse, and awakes the imagination. Life seems to go on without effort when we are filled with music, and without it we are always conscious of carrying a weight. The melody of hue and outline, of architecture and sculpture and painting, has a similar effect upon us; it is music taking form and color before the enraptured vision.

The supreme harmony.

This is why human affairs find their culminating point in justice—for justice is the supreme harmony. Justice is rooted deep in the being and can not be eradicated without destroying the life. None are too poor to do her homage. The child knows when it is treated fairly; the insane preserve the instinct inviolate—in man it is never lost. The universal struggle is for proportion, though often unconsciously. The vast social contests now at hand are waged that this manifold,

incomparable thing we call life may find the perfect equipoise. Blessedness and power lie couched in the sane relation of each to all, and there is no liberty or high use without it. Justice means light and peace, inward liberty and free command over oneself. Then life is mistress of its faculties and establishes among its various forms of action unity instead of antagonism. It makes free and reverential men and women, and, withal, beautiful.

Beauty and justice are inseparable: justice lies at the heart and beauty is its raiment. Beauty plays spontaneously about the vitalities and is their efflorescence. "The building," says Moller, "which is fitted to answer perfectly its end will turn out beautiful though beauty had not been intended." "The superior and appropriate beauty is with the oak which stands with its hundred arms against the storms of centuries and grows every year like a sapling." It is strong because it is orderly

Beauty and justice.

and because it is keyed to the unity of the earth and the sky. Beauty and justice are the only liberating influences. God wills that we should be balanced and free. Peace lives only when she is kissed by righteousness.

We know our future.

Therefore we know our future and may to some extent actually live in it. That which is to come to us lies within us like summer in the bosom of winter. As a drop from the sea contains all the elements of the great mystery that embraces the globe, so do we hold this moment in embryo all that we may ever become. The life which is to come will "make one music as before, but vaster." It will widen and deepen, but it will not change its substance. In the heart of the uncouth bit of vegetation we plant with hope lie all the loveliness and fragrance of the pansy, the immensity and strength of the sequoia, the trailing elegance of the wistaria. Sun, earth, and air are able to allure forth only that which

was there from the beginning. Its coming kingdom leaps from its heart, where it lay all beautiful, abiding its advent and glorification. Had it a thinking and prophetic soul it might glance along the future and in vision realize its destiny before it was accomplished; it might behold its compact and sleeping powers take form in the summer air of a distant day.

The might of thought.

Will our inner beauty go forth like the beauty in the seed? As certainly as the grain will ripen and the grass spring up. We may bridge the gulf by the might of thought. In the fresh furrow the farmer sees the blowing corn or the bending wheat; sees "the near and future blend in one." Thought makes the entire career realizable now, it can "run and be glorified," can transcend time and grasp existence in its wholeness. What is germinant is sure to run its course and the matter of time is hardly mentionable. We may taste of our being now; faith stretches forth her hands and seizes the

prize before the goal is won. The artist's picture glows against the panels of his soul with even greater beauty than when at last it is spread on canvas; he can behold and rejoice in that which will take tangible relations in long years to come. So Michelangelo lived and thrilled in the presence of bare walls that to his sure fancy flamed with an immortality that the world would not let die. The architect builds his creations in the mind, treads their halls and naves, and is awed by the vast silences that lift themselves above his head, before the sound of a hammer has fallen on his ears and while the material lies fast in forest and quarry.

Life anticipated.

So a life may be anticipated in all its richness, its expanded faculties and enjoyments made present. The sweetness folded in the soul may chant now its song of tomorrow. In swaddling bands it lies, sleeping in the bosom of every toiling and despairing mortal, waiting to be released. We contain this instant in germ all that

we can be in infinite years and new conditions. And the best *must* live from its very power of ascendancy; for "life is ever lord of death." Said Professor LeConte, "pure, unmixed evil does not live to trouble us long." It expires of its own infirmity, for it is a form of death. Evil is innately degenerate and failing. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation only; but the blessings unto the thousandth generation—that is, forever.

Ascendancy of life.

It is life that is pressing up underneath the universe with incomprehensible potency and loveliness; and it is death that is dropping away as effete substance. As certainly as the orbs will keep their paths society will assume in time the image of heaven. The Omnipotent can not be defeated and the divine in man must have free way. Nothing arbitrary, nothing autocratic, nothing evil, can endure in a world where life reigns. Life eludes the utmost rigors and establishes itself

with great sweetness and indifference under all varieties of circumstance and individuality. It is no exotic, but blooms in the most sterile soil and under every sky.

Excellence exceptional.

Why should excellence be the exception rather than the rule of human nature? It is rather *immature* than "exceptional," not yet come to its place and power. It is a universal fact that things begin in the germ and spend a preliminary period in darkness and pain. There is a time of rawness when the future viewed from the present appearance could not be even remotely calculated; an uncouth moment of spring when hue and shape are absent and the verdure is in the pangs of parturition; when the creation travaileth. The robin has its awkward days when there is no beauty in it that could be desired, and the coming lightness of wing, delicacy of plumage, and purity of song seem impossible and even absurd. The boy has his

years of "bashfulness and phlegm," is lean, lank and uncertain on the very threshold of confident manhood.

Transition.

The race of man is this moment on the brink of glory, with everything before it. Its transition age explains many of its problems. Life seems confused and inverted to those who have not grasped the idea of development. Like a greater man, the race is passing up from youth to its mature estate. We are warned that haste, anxiety, and discord have supplanted the old harmony, the old equilibrium, the old joy and fullness of being; that our ideal is no longer a serene beauty of spirit. The truth is we were never so calm and joyful, never so full of power and perfection as at this moment. If this is not true, the edifice of divine immanence is shattered; if it be not true, the growth of the kingdom predicted by our Lord has failed. The shining principle of evolution runs like an unsevered thread of light through history, weaving

and binding the apparent anarchy into pattern and plan. Beauty, strength, virtue and genius are exceptional because the race has not yet reached its flower. It is in its promise, and its glory is in waiting.

Orchestra tuning up.

But it approaches with the certainty of midsummer, and nothing can hinder it, much less stop it. Virtue and genius are exceptional now, just as they are exceptional to the youth. It is proper and right that they should be. The world is a sapling and not a matured and glorious giant of the woods. The orchestra is just now in the act of tuning up, and discordancies are pertinent and timely; soon the music will begin. Our loftiest present auguries will by and by be the common order and another octave will be reached. The exceptional of one era becomes the ordinary of the next; one set of ideals realized, another lifts itself on the horizon as the sky lifts its canopy before the expectant traveler. If God is

God and man is man this must be so. It is a concomitant of progress. The difficulty of the pessimist is a difficulty of vision; he is in the underbrush at the foot of the Mount and is judging the ground by the few feet that encircle him. He lacks a synthetic and coherent grasp of the situation. It is like estimating civilization from the viewpoint of the Wambutti dwarf who is versed only in the kingdoms of darkness and limitation and is shut in by dense forests outside of which he has never ventured; the kingdoms and literatures of the world are entirely beyond the range of his imagination. Let the pessimist ascend to the top of the Mount and one inclusive glance will set him right. Then he may travel whither he will and his inner eye will give him his position, the landscape will repose in his soul and key his life to a comprehensive faith.

Chapter II

Rhythm of the Universe

Nature is the art of God.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is the harmony of the world.—Hooker.

Nature well and glad.

NATURE lies close to the heart of God and sings from sheer necessity. Inconceivably old, she is clad in perennial youth, wreathing her æons in the garlands of the morning and strewing roses on her jagged, weather-beaten brows. She is full of radiance and peace because she is obedient and thrilling with pure life. We do not need to be told that the universe is well and glad. The sweet air rippling in the grass, the clouds drifting across the sky, the joy of the forests and the general jubilee of creation assure us. Still the spheres and stars sing as of old. John Fiske tells us that all motion is and must be rhythmical—

therefore tuneful. The drop of globes through the spaces, the dancing of atoms in the dewdrop, the sweep of the blood through the arteries, and the unutterably swift movement of thought and love all follow the line of curves and are melodious in their revealings.

No contest with destiny

Everything that obeys comes to peace and joy. In nature there is no contest with destiny. Every object falls eternally into the embrace of a law that is love and is saved from disaster by the pull of invisible hawsers until it describes its circle. Every orb is passing confidently through a frictionless medium, always drawn gently inward until its whole course is freighted with harmony. Go where you will, the currents of life speed onward beneath the canopy of heaven; but it is attraction that produces the grace and rhythm. The law is that a body unattracted by another will take a straight line forever; and it is the influence of innumerable orbs one upon the other

that produces the melody of the stellar action. Planets and suns trailing satellites at their wheels encircle other superior orbs in rings of light. The moon girdles the globe, the globe with her seven sisters the sun, and doubtless all the solar systems are rounding a mightier star which in its turn attends another—and thus forever. Love is life and life is motion, and what we have named gravity is but the body and form of essential love. God is love and it is love that gives rhythm to all that is.

Mathematics and music.

Everywhere in the universe there is a tendency to equilibrium, a passion for order and proportion. Order is the wisdom of God expressing itself in grace and truth. The creation is balanced even to the atom, and its regularity is exact—the happy mingling of mathematics and music. The Infinite holds the scales, weighing worlds as though they were but grains of dust. When we contemplate the inconceivable action of the stars, their

peace and sanity are astonishing. Cycles and epicycles turn one within the other, eccentric bodies flashing across the orbit lines of conventional systems fret the heaven with apparent confusion; yet all is as methodic and wholesome as a field of rustling corn. Love is at the rudder; the eye of Wisdom gazing down the eternal way holds the vessel true. Leibnitz tells us that "in producing the universe God has chosen the best possible plan, in which there is the greatest variety, along with the greatest order. The universe is an organism in which all the parts are mutually adjusted—one of the noblest of all philosophical conclusions. The order of the whole universe is the most perfect that can be."

Massive strains of music.

Astronomy, chemistry, biology, geology —all sciences are essentially rhythmic. They are massive strains of music. It is this that renders them so appealing and fascinating to study. Periodicity and oscillation are everywhere—rise and fall,

maxima and minima, pulsation, flow and ebb, whether it be the planet spinning through the auras, the leaf trembling in the air, the blood streaming through the arteries, or the atom whirling in the pebble. Light is the result of motion, and the intensity of its brightness is measured by the rapidity of its rhythm.

Curves of the solar system.

The solar system contains myriad curves visible only to the eye of mentality. Reason must watch their incredible speed if they are to be observed at all. Venus is traveling fifty times swifter than a rifle ball, but she is so distant that to the physical vision she seems serene and still. We see the motion of a star as we do a far-away ship, we *feel* her movement, while she stands majestically against the skyline. The flash of the orbs is like the spokes of a turning wheel or a spinning top, too rapid to be detected; yet we understand the motion.

Rhythm of the planets.

For each planet or satellite is the revolution of the nodes, a slow alteration in

the situation of the orbit plane, which, after completing itself, starts afresh; that vaster gyration which makes the procession of the equinoxes; and the sway of the world like a top, so that in a certain number of millenniums each pole alters its position on the orbit line. A diagram of the earth's orbit will show the poles lying on either side of the line. In the course of æons they change places, the inner passing to the outer and vice versâ.

Geological rhythms. Geological rhythms have made the land and sea charmingly diversified in contour. Every rock and hill beats with life as though it had a soul in its breast. The surface of the land is rolling onward in alluvial waves three miles in extent. We walk upon its solid crests without fear or even consciousness of its mobility. It is a constant lifting and subsidence of the crust of the world. Mountains are pushed higher into the air in spite of the everlasting wear of the elements. In the flight of the ages sea bot-

toms have been shifted again and again. On the summits of mountains sea-shells are strewn, showing that long ago those lofty places were the bed of an ocean. Along the ranges of hills run the dry courses of brooks which sang there when those hills were valleys. The level plains of the mid-continent were once the scene of wonderful dramatics; alternately seas, forests, and dense verdure strove for mastery. The wealth of treasure was interred there on a scale of grandeur that can only be hinted at. Beneath the tide of maize and wheat lie the petrified tropic flora of an era which created our fuel and light. The ocean is forever altering its shores, pinking their edges, quarrying here and dumping there; yet preserving the exquisite balance. The globe is writing its history as the tree forms its rings of growth.

Music of the body.

The human body is musical, the workers sing at the looms of life. Ineffable interchange and fraternity hold blest dominion throughout the

entire organism. The body has its evening and morning, spring and autumn, action and repose. Ever-recurring hunger and satisfaction replenish the waste of the toiling hours, the wax and wane of the energies. Every cell of the flesh is in graceful movement, every organ oscillating and swaying with ceaseless melody. Veering moods and emotions, never twice the same, stir us. The psychology of being is intricate and subtile in all its modulations.

It sings in action.

The whole body sings in action, and everywhere there is glad reciprocity of service. The blood swings in arcs and ellipsoids, the lungs rise and fall moved by beneficent unseen forces. The wedding of the blood and the air in the heights of the lungs reminds us of Maeterlinck's inimitable description of the nuptials of the bee high aloft in the pure atmosphere of a perfect summer morning. Even swallowing is accomplished by waves of constriction rippling along the œsoph-

agus. Digestion is effected by melodious undulating movements of the muscles of the stomach; and the peristaltic action of the intestines is of similar harmony. Assimilation of food is a measured and courtly interchange of the blood and the chyle. All motions of the body, when natural, are mellifluous; and those which are involuntary and beyond the influence of artifice perfectly so.

Sleep and wakefulness.

The larger alternations of sleep and wakefulness are caused by a diminution and return of the capacity of the cerebral arteries which lessen and replenish the circulation of the blood to the brain; a most captivating illustration of how modulation is necessitated by the redistribution of the life-forces. And we must not fail to note the still wider variations of the several stages of existence from birth to age.

Climatic rhythms.

Climatic rhythms take their rise in mystic and far places. The voyage of the earth in its orbit creates the ever-changing seasons with their fine shadings of weather.

An infinitely slow modification of climate occurs in the shifting of the poles across their orbit lines. The modification is slow, but as sure and progressive as time itself. If it were but the thousandth part of a degree in a millennium, the fluctuation would be as certain. Rhythms of the atmospheres caused by vast streams of cool air pouring into heated abysses, where the sun has beaten upon the plain and heated the air to the rising point, are of constant happening. This accounts for the afternoon ocean breezes flowing inward toward the sultry plain. Rhythms of climate are also set in motion by floating icebergs from the north seas, and the plunge of glaciers into the great deep. A weather map indicates the harmonic whirls and arcs of climate. To the novice it is a tangle of lines; but the aerologist traces there the perfect law. To him it is as orderly and sensible as a sheet of music. Every note of the passing year, sombre or bright, makes the varied and rich anthem of existence.

Music of the spheres.

The wider rhythms of the whole creation might be called "the music of the spheres," constellation replying to constellation in antiphonal. The great chords quiver beneath the fingers of Deity. In the quantity of light and heat the earth receives from the sun there is a quadruple rhythm—that of day and night; that of the seasons; that of the changing position of the earth's axis; and that involved by the variation of the orbits, eccentricity. These alternations are attended by the most delicate shadings of weather, evading the expert investigator.

Music of the sea.

The compound rhythms of the tides influenced by the moon revolving about the earth; the whirl of the globe on its axis, with its incessantly varying position in its orbit, complicated by the slight attraction of the sun, and the diverse influence of each of the seven planets of our solar system, with the still more evasive influence of every star in space, is a beautiful study. The sea is affected by each of these in their

proportion as definitely and actually as by the moon itself. The mellow lapping of the surf on the beach contains the music of millions of orbs. The brook singing through the meadow among cowslips and nodding dandelions is keyed to a law determined by all the galaxies of the sky. Then there is the daily rise and fall, the fortnightly increase and decrease, of the tides, due to alternate solar and lunar attraction, together with the myriad modifications caused by the influence of all the other stars. Billions of spheres, from a gigantic sun like Sirius down to an inconceivably minute atom of nitrogen, are ceaselessly exerting their forces upon each other, and every rhythm, great or small, must end in some redistribution of matter and motion that takes a form never before attained.

Biologic rhythms.

In the interplay of biologic and astronomic rhythms animals and plants exhibit symptoms that tally with the movements of the heavenly bodies. The

petals of the flowers open and drop according to the position of the sun in its course. Plants tuck themselves in their wintry beds and await the returning spring. Flocks of migratory birds wing their way to the southward, where the sun's rays are more direct. Certain vertebrates burrow in the soil and sleep until the vernal warmth awakens them ; others put on their garments of fur or feathers and brave the storms. Races, animals, forests, and plants—biologic waves sweep across the surface of the planet and uncounted things are born and expire according to the motion of a star millions of miles away.

Spirit the power of powers.

More powerful and indeterminate than these must be the action of spirit upon spirit, of mind upon matter. We believe that the material world is the bright shadow of heaven, the fascinating correspondent of the world that lies above it. Mind has built and fashioned it, sent it forth and yet guides it. This superb civilization, with

its marvels of architecture and invention, its cities and palaces, its fair fabrics and priceless gems, sprang from the soil at the nod of the intellect. Everything that greets the delighted eye, even the bodies of fair women and brave men, once lay hidden in the earth. The immortal Spirit brooded over midnight and chaos and called forth all that is ; spirit is the power of powers, and matter is its plaything. It is not contrary to reason that the universe of souls above us should inspire and mould the temporary generations passing rapidly to the same destiny. Behind the curtain of years shine the countless spiritual orbs of which visible worlds are but the shadows. These sway matter as the mind of man dominates his brain and hands. The intelligent actions of the stars, their regularity and their beauty, imply a mind and heart actively resident within them.

Variations of variations.

Lastly are the variations of all these variations. The anthem of creation becomes grander and more complex as it

proceeds. Rhythm breaks into rhythm and harmonies rise to vaster and richer ones. Astronomers tell us that nothing ever returns to its starting-point, but mounts forever in spiral, so that when it seems to have arrived at the point of the circle whence it began its journey, it is actually above it in an entirely new region. The moon belts the earth, but the earth moves onward. The eight planets circle the sun; but the sun is traveling to some distant goal, is mounting higher and ever higher into the spaces. And while all the suns, with their attendant worlds, are circumscribing some vaster orb, that orb must also have its superior, and so on forever and forever. Is the throne of God the central luminary and power of all? All worlds are passing into fresher fields with incredible velocity crowned with the peace and gladness of perfect obedience.

Gradations of Leibnitz.

Long ago Leibnitz saw the beautiful gradations by which the harmony of the universe is attained. The evolution is accomplished

with irresistible certainty and logic. There are tenacity, sequence, melody without interruption and without haste, perfect time and measure, as the earths and the heavens mount into the light. While we cannot comprehend the details, we may enjoy the representation, as the novice is awed and inspired by a technical rendering of Handel's "Creation." We know that all things are rising and will eventually find their fruition. The change is always from an old state to a new one, and onward to a newer, but never backward.

Where is the connection?

Where is the connection between the universe and the Eternal Spirit? I believe it is His robe and crown, the utterance of His heart, the map of His wisdom, the motions of His soul. He smiles and sings through its moods and hues. The laughter of nature is the reflex of His joy which He would share with us. The creation declares the orderly constitution of the Divine Mind; its minute adaptation of parts, its fine adjustments, the perfection of its

equipment, the glory of its form. It is inevitably grounded in the Eternal Being. There is a sure correspondence between the radiance of the stars and divine truth, between the beauty of the lily and the beauty of holiness. I believe the air, the light, and the measureless spaces are crowded with inexpressible influences, so that we walk in the midst of immortal things. An inner and esoteric significance lies deep in every object—in the grass, the trees, and the sunrise we may find an exposition of the universal Heart.

Apotheosis of man.

Still, above all but God, is man, a smaller universe containing all in parenthetic clasp. I once placed other objects of nature above man and felt that they were more divine. I know now that man is the precious blossom of creation, and only God is above him. While I adore nature, I adore most nature's central figure and master. Nothing is so marvellous, so worthy of reverent and glad study, as man. Mountains, giants lifting themselves into

space and time—how indescribably noble! Yet within *us* lies a sublimity not theirs. Whatever dignity of contour, ragged grandeur of chasm and cliff, or redolent landscapes, they cannot command a tithe of the loveliness of a being fashioned in the likeness of the All-Beautiful. In a second we can cast our minds backward to the moment when the mountains were not, and forward to the hour when they shall have passed away. The lowliest mortal, burdened with griefs and poverty, yet still hoping, loving, toiling, is greater than these peaks. One is a mass of soil, the other an inimitable organism that will grow more wonderful so long as God shall live. There is a quality of spirit purer than the flower, more winning than the sky, and he who holds steadfastly to his nature will become a rampart more firmly founded than the everlasting hills.

Chapter III

In the Stream of Power

Everything harmonizes with me which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early or too late which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature; from thee are all things, in thee are all things, and to thee all things return.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

Dearness of the world.

WE are intimately related to the things about us. In a very real sense they are a part of us, for we breathe and assimilate them. They are as much a part of us as our physical bodies, and are in fact but an infinite extension of ourselves. We can more readily dispense with eyes, hands, and feet than air and the light of rising suns. Our whole being mingles and communes with that which lies not only near us, but on the far frontiers of creation. No more vitally connected are the lungs and the air than every atom of us with the outlying regions whose

tides lap the throne of God. There is contact as warm and actual with far as with near objects and influences. This maternal dearness of the world is comprehensible when we realize that the very poise of the figure depends upon the fine cooperation of the centrifugal and centripetal motions of the planet, while its balance waits upon the integrity of every star that moves. The throb of constellations is involved with the beat of the heart, and all worlds are keeping vigil in the humblest cottage in the land. Every orb is concerned in the motion of an eyelid or a thought that springs to birth.

Reflex of God's heart.

There is an indispensable relation between the lowliest of us and all worlds and heavens. Our beauty and goodness is a reflex of God's heart. The smallest act of truth, heroism, purity, finds quick sympathy in nature and intuitive response from every blade of grass. We feel the smile or frown of the world according to our quality of life. One day, and all things

about us are fraternal and joyous, nodding approval and opening beneficent arms of embrace; the next, they hide their fair faces in grief or shame. The sky with its penetrating light, the sea with its invitations, the spaces deep with unfathomable worlds, answer the spirit with its sacred intuitions and hopes.

Secret of gladness.

Here lies the secret of gladness and health; to come into native union with the things which God has placed about us is to live from Him once more. Then the morning will breathe a new and sparkling energy into the blood and the hungry tissues will drink light like the young leaves in spring. There is an unconscious aspiration for perfect fraternity with the world, oneness of the soul with that which engirts it. Any severance is a severance from life which enters through incalculable and myriad avenues. The real life is an utter blending of self with nature, yielding peace and strength. We should walk as gods and goddesses through the halls of a

temple built for us. If we will live in the simple and noble regions of ourselves, we shall return to our rightful estate.

The perfect relation.

Health, then, is the perfect relation of the soul and body to the encircling universe. The craving for repose and gladness is a native hunger for a union predestined of God, and is as natural and legitimate as the wish for bread and water. We can never be men and women in the divine sense, never wholesome, sane, and happy without it, because without it we must be incomplete, and to that extent life in part unrealized. True religion is simply soundness, its clearest definition being a divine and vigorous bloom on body and spirit. Holiness implies something more than ceremonial or conventional virtue, and to be warped in mind or body is to be, to that extent, unholy, and thus far excluded from the Kingdom.

The weight of nature.

We are men and women in the ratio of apt and genuine relatedness to the things about us; we are invincible and holy as

we have with us the weight and sanction of nature. The perfect whole enfolds us, and to find real manhood and womanhood we must touch that whole with utter peace. This is a truth too fine for many to comprehend; it will seem to multitudes like the vaporings of a too light-winged fancy; yet it is so radical and inevitable that no thinking and investigating person can deny it. It is evident that the masses are yet playing in the dooryard of time. John Brierly says: "Even the highest human thinking has not yet become fully acclimated to immensity." The average person prefers a narrow, chitchat world, and fears to let his skiff float outside the quiet inlets of the great waters. But we will have to learn that we are inextricably bound up with everything about us and cannot escape the task of investigation. We must put to sea whether we will or not, and until we greet the wider waters we shall feel the gall of limitation; fetters will bind and barriers hinder. The secret

of happiness is not found in retiring from life and sheltering the soul from infinity, but in pushing life to its full power, inviting it to touch as many points as possible—the perfect life touching harmoniously and vitally all points.

Great hearts.

All great hearts have a pronounced gift of adaptation and versatility, and are stepping constantly into newer fields of action and prophecy. The growing child does not remain in the cradle, he moves outward until he occupies the world; and the normally expanding soul acquires a versatility and power advancing day by day to loftier places of faith, knowledge, and deeds. Honor him whose ambition is not so much to win laurels in the state or army, not so much to be a jurist, a magistrate, a poet or commander, as to be a master of right living; to fulfil himself and round out his personal gifts, pressing them to the verge of their promise. He is not really great who can play a symphony on a single string, who is in-

ordinately developed in a single particular —but he who is most closely and potently related to the whole of life, whose triple being wears the stamp of symmetry. Many are like diamonds finished on a single facet, shining from a single window of the soul, whose glory is but imperfectly revealed. The richly diverse nature captivates by its proportion, its "measure of a man, that is of an angel." Man is man according to his apt fitness to his place and time, and his beauty is increased thereby.

Rounding the faculties.

We should crave the privilege of rounding all faculties, of beautifying them daily, of letting them run and be glorified, of nourishing every budding grace with the spirit of the joyous gardener who coaxes the plant to put forth its deep-hidden loveliness. We should be wide-flung to the offerings of life from without and from within. We should give our lives unity and inclusiveness, being certain to bring the glory of the unseen within the circle

of our hope and faith. There are brilliant people anchored to the sod, whose widest ken is bounded by the fragment of earth upon which they stand for the moment, great hearts wasting their wealth on the froth of the world. Let us concede the divinity of the flesh as well as the spirit, give it full use and pleasure; but also give the immortal and deathless part of us as much exercise and latitude. The material is basic—let us use it as a point upon which to poise our feet, Mercury-like, for flight to the altitudes of truth and love. Then will the peace of gladness shine upon our brows.

Synthetic grasp.

We need the keenness of a vision that is comprehensive, otherwise we must become dim and fragmentary in our thinking, and consequently in our acting. There is a synthetic grasp of life that considers wholes, taking in its sweep the past, the present, and that which is to come. There is a power of marshalling and appointing particularities, putting things in their proper niches, bringing order out of con-

fusion and building perfect wholes out of fragments. The orator who has this faculty, who has by the aid of synthesis strung his ideas upon the silver thread of unity, can speak to the point and with effect. He has the symmetrical perception, sees his subject in true proportion and perspective, as the artist the picture he is about to paint on the canvas, and can rear a palace of thought and conduct his hearers through its glowing corridors. There are men who stand upon heights with visions of heights above them, mountain-climbers who pause upon the summits of foothills gazing confidently upward.

On the summits.

Let us ascend to exalted places and the entire aspect of things will open and clarify. On the summits a great deal is seen in a moment and life is viewed in miniature, like a full-sailing vessel at eventide limned against the disc of the rising moon. As we mount to rarer altitudes our finer natures open and our surroundings become more spiritual and com-

prehensible. They breathe upon us with a penetrating power as though they were giving us their hearts. To the growing and blossoming spirit the world is miraculously renewing itself, partaking of the divine, and all things are alive with thought and affection. If each spring does not bring us a fresher and deeper message, it must be because our inner life has been neglected or stupefied by Philistinism and greed.

The lost chord.

To be ourselves—to be men—is to recover the lost chord of simplicity and joy. To live the artless life, to make our chief enjoyment and duty to become what God would have us, ingenuously and honestly human, is to achieve the highest success. If we hold as dear and original a relation to the world as blades of grass, our only care will be to fulfil that relation for which we were created. A healthy soul and body stand united with the just and beautiful as the primrose with the soil and the light. We should not attempt with

feverish effort to accomplish some remote effect, but rather to stand frankly amid the eternal ways waiting for our own to come to us. In doing that simple thing we do all. Let us unfold our natures, open our lives like the flowers under the dawn of heaven, and we shall join the general music of the world. We should work out our personal mission in our own way, adorn the years of our pilgrimage with an individual expression of truth and love. To seek to be another is to miss the *raison d'être* of living and become an incoherent and abnormal nonentity.

The stream of power.

We lament the hostility of circumstances and the elusive nature of opportunity; but if we are in the stream of power, all opportunities and all circumstances are ours. The fault is never, as we are apt to think, with circumstances, but with souls. Circumstances are but the shadows of our own quality, the inevitable accompaniment of character. The master of right living is keyed to his surroundings and lives as the

rose opens to the sky and air; as though sky and air were a part of itself, its interior loveliness kissed into self-revelation by the brooding world. Study yourself, lay firm hold on the deep germs of angelhood, the folded blossoms of beauty, and bid them come forth! Fling broad the shutters of your soul to the glory that irradiates and interpenetrates the world, hold yourself square to the powers that uphold you and nourish you, have sovereignty over your spirit, dominion over your instincts and emotions!

Domesticated in nature.

We should be nourished upon every event of the day, on every object and influence that the Creator has strewn along our path. To become domesticated in nature and dwell in it as in the bosom of the family, as in dear intimacies of gladness and peace, is to claim life's promise. Let us be alert to the innumerable influences of earth and heaven, hastening with pleasure to meet the processional as it comes garlanded and smiling to

meet us. Let us cast ourselves trustingly in the mid-stream of power that bears all onward, struggling or quiescent in its full tide, floating in the very center of the flood, reclining on its swift bosom as it makes for the great sea. Let us submit ourselves to God and the conquering right—to truth, to love, to beauty and power. Then the kingdom announced from the beginning of the world will organize itself with the ease and grandeur of the oak. If we would share in the kingdom and glory of God, it is incumbent upon us to submit ourselves with full and free abandon to sympathy and unity with the life that is throbbing about us.

Divine provision.

Everything has been provided—it is only for us to awake and enjoy. Stoop to caress the flower that smiles at you in the lane; embrace with divinest tenderness the depraved bit of humanity that looks up at you from life's gutters and alleys. The dandelion growing between the cart-ruts in the road is as dear to God's heart as the

American Beauty blooming in the conservatory. Enjoy the present hour without disquiet and without foreboding, for the present is all that is truly yours. The past when it was with you was the present, and the future when it comes will be the present also. If you forego the moments, you forego all. Become a child again in the summer day, bathed in the peace and ecstasy of perfect trust. Seize again the power of enjoying the passing events. To enter the Kingdom of Heaven we must revert to the estate of the child, rediscover its strength and simplicity.

The heart of things.

Take root in the very heart of things and draw consolation from sweet and vital regions, storing up the energies flowing from primal sources against approaching struggles of body and brain, against depressing visions of suffering and sin. Try to catch the fullness and purity of the sea, the sun, the earth and its regenerating atmospheres. "Eat at your table," said Confucius, "as you would eat at the table

of the King." There are men and women who detect sacred beauty in the features of the commonplace, who pluck garlands from common bushes and wear them as coronets. Drinking of the lucid water, clear as light in solution, they assimilate its spiritual quality. The sparkle of the dew on the grass in the purity and peace of the dawn incites them to adore, and every event and form of life yield them wider horizons of feeling and faith. They pluck from his bosom the secret of the sun, by an ineffable and hidden alchemy transform the round globe into their own personality, and the deep inhalations of life abide with them forever.

Opening the spirit.

Let the spirit open to the immensity of things, for we are happy, light, and free as we come to know intimately the world that God has made. There are multitudes of people who behold the earth as exiles and strangers. The starry skies, the deep forests and rocking sea, have for them a foreign and hostile appearance. Genuine

men and women feel a passionate love for life and the whole of life. Life, to be joyous, must be loved and companionable; how can we be happy while inwardly debating whether it is really worth living? When we meet a soul whose acts are all regal, graceful and fragrant as roses, we thank God that such things can be and are. Let us never put faith in the wisdom that is based on contempt of a single thing that God has made, and false philosophy and doubt will drop away from us as effete substances.

Making our world.

"We shall," says Fichte, "go on always making our own world." This is clearly seen when the disposition suddenly veering alters the very air and landscape and darkens the sky. There are happy people in every walk of life and even where misery seems to reign unmolested. That we make our circumstances is proven by the fact that circumstances shift with the shifting moods. The same brilliance of the day is bright to one, black to another,

and to still another it is neither. A diseased or wounded body will writhe amid scenes where eager lips are pressed to the goblet of pleasure. A universal misconception is abroad that the circumstance yields the joy which can only spring from right condition and attitude of spirit. Surroundings adapt themselves to the character with the perfection of water to the body of the bather, and all deformities and graces are inevitably shadowed forth.

Health and appetite.

It is health and appetite that impart sweetness to bread and water; it is the quality of life that gives the mountain air its exhilarating property. An invalid will swoon on glowing altitudes, dying amid the purest ethers. The musical creator, so called, creates nothing, he only discovers the music that is already in his soul, and the sounds of the harmonic universe become a confused noise to him who has no melody in his nature. As we become in ourselves deeper, purer, sweeter, so do the things about us reveal like graces. Place

yourself once more in line with universal law, accept the will of God, make a full use of life, and your desires will be attained.

Healthy struggle.

There is of course a certain healthy struggle in acquiring this adaptation. The infant, built to walk and run, has a first and natural difficulty in getting its balance; and the convalescing patient has to begin life over again and regain equilibrium and the use of his legs. It is the way of life, and in its own field congruous and right. We should not complain of trials and temptations, for they mean only that we are learning to handle the world, getting facility of feet and hands and precision of eyes. The young bird, fashioned to live in the air, at first flutters and falls clumsily to earth. The novitiate mechanic must experience a preliminary difficulty in fitting the tool to the hand, the fingers to the keys. Difficulty simply reveals the lack of facility, and with facility it vanishes. Difficulties are thus friendly messengers pointing out a crudeness that may be remedied. We find

it difficult at first to do the simplest and most vital acts—even to eat, drink, or breathe.

Difficulty is adjustment.

Difficulty is only the process of adjustment of the personality to life; the act of keying the raw and young existence to its environment. It is a good, normal, and healthy experience, and inexorably attached to growth. The nature that can thrive without spurs and barriers has not yet been born, nor will be. We work, not because we have time, but because life constrains us, and the divine police are behind us urging us onward ever and evermore. It is good to battle, to suffer, to be thrown into the sea and left to save ourselves as best we can; as good for us as for the fledglings flirted out of the nest by the parental wing. Do not despise your situation, in it you must live and act if you act at all; in it you must suffer and conquer. Let us remember that from every point of life we are equally near heaven and the Infinite. "Any place is good enough to live a life in," said that

brave and radiant soul, Robert Louis Stevenson. If we are to escape the grip of despair, we must believe that the whole of life is good and that ends justify means; that grief is a Fatherly grace, a purifying experience.

The gathering shades.

Can we realize all this optimism amid the gathering shades of decrepitude and age? Yes, with the aid of reason and faith, for in the light of immortality, age is only apparent, and decrepitude but a temporary and advantageous concomitant. Both have their correspondence in an ever-youthful and self-renewing world. The body, like nature, has its seasons that inevitably turn toward the springtide and the morning. Neither to man nor nature is there actual deterioration and death. When we enter the autumn of life and the graces and splendors of summer are fled, let us not forget that this period has its more sombre but not less charming beauties. Autumn is frequently darkened by raincloud and mist, saddened by falling

leaves and fading verdure, but the air is soft and serene, the colors subdued and warm, soothing to the eye, and the matured vegetation speaks of repose and completion. It is the time of fruit, of harvest, of vintage; the sweet hour when life culminates with reward and the work-a-day is done. When the garland of youth fades on the brow there remains the wreath of maturity. The bins and vats overflow, the time of results has come, and the fruit hangs heavy and golden on the bough.

The golden mystery of sunset.

The sunset heralds the new and better day which will follow the brief eclipse of night. We grow serener, braver, wiser, as we stand between a well-spent past and the dawning of the new morning. Where there is power there must be age and experience, and the sixties have all the forties and twenties in them. The central wisdom dropping off all obstructions leaves the mind purified and peaceful. "Whenever age is mentioned the doctrine of immortality is announced—it cleaves to the

constitution." At the close of life we are just ready for our true birth, and here lie the golden mystery of sunset and the sweet coming of the evening star.

Chapter IV

The White Line of the Dawn

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.—LOWELL.

Tangled skeins.

SOCIAL discordancy is not a matter of debate, the clash of strife and battle song is as evident as the turbulence of the sea. The reconciliation of man to man and of man to God hastens slowly. The majority are but tangled skeins, so many specimens of restless or stagnant chaos. Those great levelers, industrial mechanism and conformity, have passed over society, dulling originality, and rolling down the masses into sameness. The ability to strike out new ways is weakened in a world so organized, and initiative is quenched. Did God design life as we find it raging about us today? Does He discourage independence, buoyancy, individuality? Was this vast and

sweltering mill of existence a portion of the precreative plan? Do men, women, and children beating out their hopes in whirling mills, in the dank and airless courts of our great cities, expire after a fixed law of divine wisdom? We need not pause to deny. Health and freedom are God's beautiful régime. This much we know if we know Him: the power of His unhindered life will be glad and unconfined, its pulses swinging to notes of joy. Like sweet waters rising through briny seas it will be irrepressible and curative.

Society's medicine.

The age that contains evils has also its remedies near at hand. Like the ocean, society may cleanse itself by its own heaven-implanted properties; its medicine is within itself. Deep at society's center slumbers the sacred element from which will spring the new way of man. God yet breathes into it and His stars irradiate it. We can no more poison or sterilize humanity than the circumambient air, for its own inherent goodness will save

it. We rely on the exhaustless moral force reservoired in the race. Society is a perennial font, welling up from the deep places of power and sweetness, bearing undying hope on its front. The mighty stream of infancy pouring into the veins of the world from unseen quarters is as regenerating as mountain breezes. We are impregnated with its innocence, and sin and sickness are fairly driven off the field by its rush of purity. The turbulence of life is only the foamy crest of the wave; beneath is absolute calm.

The heaven-born fibre.

What can be more common and normal than those waters which enclasp two-thirds of the globe? what more general and measureless? As a single drop of the sea contains all the properties of the whole, an ocean in little, each human soul enshrines the beauty and grandeur of the whole race. The life of the ploughman or sailor is in substance that of the noble or monarch, and both are heirs of God. It is the purity of the coin, and not its size, that gives it

worth. The value of man is in his quality. The hope of the final spiritualization of society is in this heaven-born fibre which is the staple of great and small, inbred, steadfast, persistent. To repudiate it would be to repudiate life itself. From these divine sources society is arising as out of the domain of peace and power. It is nobly free in its inheritance and will reject what is merely arbitrary, as plants rising under rocks rend or displace them. Life cannot be managed, muzzled, or conquered; it will have its own vital and lovely characteristics. Trust at last the common and universal heart, for its promptings are holy.

God searching souls.

The energy of God is searching through souls like the spring sap in the trees. Lift the cover from the blackest spirit, and lo! the light shines. The dumbest has in him a latent, unstirred goodness, undecipherable, inarticulate, but, nevertheless, living, felt as an influence and not infrequently fraught with strange, transforming strength. There are lowly lives whose effect upon us

is at once penetrating and purifying. They search our interiors and radiate in our actions. Doctor Channing says: "The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God is most unfaltering. I believe this greatness to be the most common among the multitude whose names are never heard." That we are as good as we are is half owing to the influence of obscure souls lingering in our byways or whose bodies are resting in unvisited tombs, and whose very names will perish with their nearest kinsfolk.

The angel will persist.

The hope, then, of society is in that hidden substance, universal and growing like the oak. In the passions that bend us like trees in the wind is that which will save us; it is love, oft overborne, oft unbridled, but triumphant at last. In the

most ordinary person the power for good is enormous; in the vilest, love and justice are imperishable because they are the substance of their nature. We all worship the good, we all pray in spirit, if not in words; the reverence of the good and true captures us, because innate and instinctive. We are incorrigibly religious and hopelessly noble. Our badness is only the fevered waves tossing above the profundities of love and peace. The angel of life will persist in spite of temptation and sin.

Life wrought on the anvils of toil.

What is being accomplished in the heart of society under the pressure of living, and which nothing can arrest, is the flowering of the material and the industrial into the spiritual. Without design, and mostly without concern, it is inevitably coming. In the bright, crowded, and momentous arena of activity, transfiguration awaits us. Even slavish occupations and grinding toils educate us; as children, under surveillance at first, grow tardily to the freedom of service in love. The

refining influence of labor is enormous, and every man's task is his life-preserver. The freeman feels that his occupation is dear to God and that he cannot be spared. Nothing in this world is more beautiful than toiling humanity in obscure places struggling toward perfection and light. That sane and strong beauty we behold in men and women of sincerity and practicality has been wrought at white heat on the anvils of toil. Every thought and act counts for symmetry, and equilibrium comes at last from long acquiescence to the universal demand. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." The grand resultant of civilization is to be mental and spiritual. As the rose is the spirit of the lowly soil, and the electric light the bright result of friction, so out of the travail of this commercial time will dawn a spiritual society.

God's way.

Why unwelcome processes are set to some bright end we may not pause to ask; it is for us to accept them and remem-

ber that it is God's way; to cheerfully acquiesce and carry through it all the white flower of a blameless and resolute action. Why we must push through the crust of struggle is as inscrutable as why daffodils and wheat spring out of loam. Millions are saved from emptiness and misery by the duty they cannot escape. Something to conquer and something we must conquer is the bugle call to courage. Practical living develops reality and sense. "Life is a field in need of clearing; the indolent would lie down in it; the rebellious would rage to and fro in it; the good would accept the conditions as they are and attack it with plough and hoe." The duty is not for itself, it is what it does for us that makes it worth while. The bad humor into which our task sometimes plunges us refutes its purpose, and we have the bitterness of the toil without the sweets of reward. Preserve your balance; it is a signal defeat for all the enemies of the soul. They desire nothing so much as to stir you

to impotence. The preservation of balance is among the highest and purest acts. Death and defeat are transfigurable by the spirit in which we meet them. The vanquished is often the victor. Every calamity, every pain, every bereavement, is an unploughed field, life not yet brought to equipoise and facility, difficulties not yet surmounted. The wildest storm-burst is but an incident of the long voyage heavenward, and to be met with a serenity and resolution that quiet its anger.

A blow in the face of Nature.

Nothing will sweeten life like the love of it; love's might is invincible; love sleeps not and wearies not; love is the artery of strength. The lack of it puts brakes on all the energies of being. A distaste for life is an insurrection against the whole universe, it is a blow in the face of Nature, for we are the vessels of God's life. When interest in life wanes, the wheels of being drive heavily, and the medium that unites us with the source of joy is severed. Once in the tide of love and we are pos-

sessed, as the winds possess the sails of the ship, and we are brought continually nearer to all the living and dead. Love places us in the course of our own nature, for are we not in the image of Love? We can no more rid ourselves of love to our kind than of time and space; it is paramount and deathless. Existence itself implies the capacity to love.

Love not difficult.

This granted, love of our kind cannot be really difficult; we have only to yield to our tendency. We meet some who profess to love nature more than human kind, placing upon it the superscription of a more ideal beauty; they cultivate flowers and neglect men. But man is above nature, "a little lower than the angels," the diademed lord of nature. No ineffable vision of nature surpasses the beauty of the maiden on the threshold of womanhood; no mountain carries the sublimity of a king of men. As men tread on miracles, turning them beneath the sod with their ploughshares, careless

of their marvels, so we pass unrecognized immortals on our dusty way. We can only love God truly through the love of men, and the signature of Deity is stamped on man as on nothing else; he has dwelt in the mountain with his Master till his features beam with divine lustre.

Give brightness!

Love your friends and do not put them from you; tell them of your care again and again; prove your words by loyal acts, and repeat the proof; it is like iterated bars of music in the score. Make them happy; give them brightness; have pity on the poor and the erring, and your pity will lead you surely to the heights where you can comprehend how the valleys are filled and the hills made low. A genuine man does not want to cut himself loose from his stock; he would remain forever in contact with the home soil. Each and all spring out of the glebe of common society, as the trees great and small rise out of the same earth, making no claim to preëminence. Caste is not a reality among the

sons of God. Great lives, like great trees, have their roots in the same brown earth. Mountains are the identical ground of the plains shoved up into sublimities whose plumes brush the sky. It is from the life of everyday that the rays of heaven are flashed.

Light beneath the feet.

The native love of men lends us the power to brighten the world. Our work-a-day hours should be crowded with benediction, for are we not the formed channels of that Life from which all benediction flows? It is a heartening world when we are *ourselves*, and a world well worth having; its atmosphere braces us to do our best. We are a gallant company of fellow-mortals mounting the heights from glory to glory. Let us bestow in the same full measure we have received. Happy is he whose heart is neither stinted nor contaminated, for light is sown beneath his feet.

A temple of gladness.

It is granted us to summon each other to life, joy, music, and holiness. The

mountain edelweiss blossoms at the border-line of snow and soil, and the sweet plant of human joy grows in the alluvium of our humanity, be it ever so sterile. Where life is simple and sane, true pleasure is found even though it be yoked to poverty and toils. Deprived of the very things usually considered as the necessary conditions of enjoyment, it will spring out of the fissures of the rock, on the arid hill, or between the flags of the pavement. The Ordainer of life wove gladness into the very architecture of man, making him its temple. In his elemental condition he is a vessel brimmed with gladness, the gladness of the child.

Real benefactors.

In his Samoan home Robert Louis Stevenson listened to the song of the crickets at eventide, glad that these poor creatures were so happy, and wondering what was wrong with man that he too did not wind up the day with an hour or two of shouting. The world is famishing for cheer, and the real benefactors

of men are those who have breathed it into society like mountain air. Disease and sadness cannot live in the atmosphere of affirmative beauty and truth. There are days when we wish well to the universe and when the commonest services and the humblest of God's creatures delight us; these are the hours when we come to ourselves and are what we were made to be always. Do not resist your impulses to sympathy and geniality, be ready in the work of healing hearts, pursue your vocation of hope with eagerness, for thus you bring your best life to men. Hold the full chalice to the lips of men and leave the rest to God. If the blunderer and ingrate vex you, keep sweet, chide not, lend a hand; they blunder always toward the light by a sure instinct, as the traveler in the slough struggles with every effort a little nearer the steadfast land.

A reason for life as it is.

We are beloved of God and He is responsible for our ultimate deliverance. There is a reason for life as it stands

this moment, otherwise it would cease at once to be. "Hast thou created the world and art thou charged with its government?" Toss the planet from your frail shoulders, you are not Atlas and cannot bear it up; quit the orbit of the stars and tread the path beneath your feet. The pleasure of life comes with faith and acquiescence in destiny. Every true soul has the weight of this ballast; it makes peace possible even in the breast of mystery and pain. How beautiful it is to live to make the world happy! Let the song never die away, and the dance never cease; let laughter flow like melodious waters singing to the sea!

Inner states color events.

The condition of the inner life colors circumstances, and, if right, mitigates and adapts them to the soul. When this divine inheritance is developed roundly and fully, when it takes the outward form of its elemental substance, we shall touch earth and heaven as the brook its pebbly bed. Then in the still, lucid deeps

of being the spirit will rest as on the bosom of Love; then will spring up those fountains of tenderness and strength that refresh the arid plains of society. We are men, not by the value of our estates, or by the extent of our education, but by the strength of this inner fibre. The important thing is that at the axis of our oft turbulent and wayward self we should remain man and conserve the requisites of manhood. The secret of living is to give the inner beauty and goodness vital and appropriate expression. The flowers wear their hearts in their features and by their manners we know them as they are within.

Work done within us.

Three-fourths of our work is done within us, and our demeanor should be a pure reflection of our hearts. The world's greatest asset is the souls it is silently rearing in the bosom of society. When we recognize the inner law, and bow before it, the solution of all difficulties will be reached. Until we materialize conscience and love in life we shall not truly live. He who believes

this can no more play to the galleries than the full-flighted bird can return to the shell. Does our pleasure lie in mere circumstances? Can events give or take it away? Build up in your soul the lofty city of peace well within sound of the battle and, if needful, out of the midst of its strife.

Beautiful souls.

The beautiful souls of the world possess the power of transmuting other souls into their own loveliness. Shining on their fellows, they are more potent than codes of laws or militant armies. Through them God breathes again upon men and they live. We must have hearts as broad and sweet as nature if we are to carry healing to men on whom the mildew and the blight have fallen. "Be good at the depths of you and you will discover that those surrounding you will be good even to the same depths." The neglected and degenerate are brought into touch with fine spiritual natures, and, yielding to their penetrating, affirmative forces, begin straightway to form after their likeness.

They absorb the quality of others as the steel the magnet. Moses' face shone with the lustre of his high Companionship in the mountain, his very exterior gilded with the light of Truth.

Goodness is pervading.

Goodness has a pervading, saturating quality that charms and changes those who yield themselves to its influence. A single comer will bring a new climate into a room as distinct and radiating as when the sun bursts in at the doorway, and, departing, leave behind the bright, vivifying gift. A single speaker will charge the souls of thousands of men and women with his own high courage and faith, and each will carry home a heart full enough to spare to still others. There is no institution so poor and withered but if a strong man could be born into it would leap to its feet with new life. A joyless home may be turned into a paradise by the music of one voice and the light of one face. There are men and women who wear upon their features the beauty of holiness.

Contagious joy.

It is said that young nightingales seem to be unhappy in the presence of those elder birds that fill the summer nights with their songs. The music is in them in possibility, but their unfledged state will not allow them to utter it as yet and they appear to be depressed. But they listen, are saturated, intoxicated with harmony, and end by singing in their turn with equal sweetness. Joy is infectious. Seek men in their troubles with no mere offer of money, but also with your heroism and your hope. Give them clearness of thought, a rejuvenating belief, and the solace of love. Let us see what new stock we can add to humanity, how much higher we can carry life. Each advancing tide should break a little farther on the beach as the ocean of humanity fluxes toward destiny. We are men in the ratio that we make life richer and grander for ourselves and for our friends.

Power of belief.

Belief in inevitable and lofty destiny is a potent factor in bringing harmony to the world. He who sees only the circum-

scribed radius at his feet, who fails to catch the unity of the whole creation, can be neither useful nor joyful. Our view of life is frequently that of the lad who has never been beyond the limits of his native village and whose conceptions are necessarily crude and narrow. The universe is infinitely roomy, and the man of vision finds himself domesticated in its vastness. The great souls are conscious of the fraternity and symphony of all worlds. Since God lives and loves, in the final reckoning His creations must turn out to be good. Have faith in Him and His purposes! The trooping years lead onward to a conclusion we cannot quite see, which suffering and militant humanity is pursuing across the laborious years. Bathe the facts of today in the atmosphere of belief that we are daily drawing nearer the plateaus of peace, reconciliation, and equipoise.

Faith centralizes purpose.

A genuine and high faith centralizes purpose and action. Belief is more than hypothesis, it is the spirit's open vision of that

which is to come; it is God lifting the veil from His face. Faith abandoned is the compass dropped overboard in mid-seas. To the radiant believer there are no problems—there is mystery, but not perplexity; his trust gives him confidence; his faith gives him rest and nourishment even in outward poverty and desolation. The race will survive all catastrophes, rising steadily and ever higher by its deathless faith. Belief in the best will push it at last to transfiguration, as the energy in the waking seed or young oak pushes up the soil. Let us avoid those dark and tortuous alleys of thought that lead away from the ultimate outcome of the good. The great need is for each to feel the sanctity and perpetuity of the lowliest of the race, and to remember that it has something within it that will shape it continually to the divinest Model, and from which influence it is impossible to escape.

Graduated ascent.

The flower is the child of the stalk, and there are beautiful intervening steps as-

cending to its heights. We cannot reach heaven at a single bound; God's method is graduated ascent. It would be as easy to seize a mountain by its base and hold it at arm's length as to alter this irrefutable law. Life is built cell by cell through millenniums of sun and storm, and the growth of the soul must be inexpressibly slower than anything else, as it is inexpressibly vaster. Each generation adds its best to the best of the store of all previous generations, carrying life, by a sort of divine arithmetic, imperceptibly to higher and finer positions. The humble and healthy masses are the soil out of which great lives spring; heaven rests its base upon the earth.

Why life is imperfect.

Why is life as we meet it so imperfect, why does it persistently fall short of its best? Simply because it is advancing, growing life; in other words, because it is alive; its seeming lack is an evidence of its greatness. It is for the same reason that the opening flower, or the shooting

plant, is imperfect—it is on its way thither. The planet on which we live is in the dawn of its wonderful day; cosmic students count its rings of advance as the woodman notes the circles of the fallen tree. Even its flora and fauna are still multiplying into more variegated loveliness. The march of the race is nearer its beginning than its close; rising out of ferment and darkness, it does not yet appear what it shall be. But those who wake in the night, anxiously scanning the horizon, breathe again; for where the gloom is paling breaks on their eyes the white line of the dawn. Signs of hope are everywhere seen vibrating in the life of today.

A spiritual epoch at hand.

A spiritual epoch is immediately upon us and humanity is struggling from beneath the weight of materialism that crushes it down. A sacred influence enfolds and reassures. "Have we," asks Claude de Saint-Martin, "advanced one step farther on the radiant path of enlightenment that leads to the simplicity of man?" All who

are awake give a quick and glad affirmative. The alert heart sees an increasing emancipation, a continuous ascent of being toward life, happiness, justice, and love. The code of morality is growing purer, progressing with light and firm step to places invisible to the many because fleshly veils yet cover their eyes. We are traveling not into the gloom of the pit, but up the mountain side that disappears above the cloud line merged in the deep blue of heaven, symbol of the eternal and the true.

Chapter V

Built Without Hands

"There is but one temple in the universe and that is the body of man."—NOVALIS.

But one temple.

THE noblest creation in the material universe is the body of man, its appearance and motion when perfect being comparable only to exquisite music—the music of vision. Nothing else so enthralls the eye and stirs the senses. Enduring beauty belongs to pure, majestic outline and depth of tint; to the last it thrills like some glorious Greek temple. There are human figures grander than architecture whose influence is like the strains of some high epic. We demand physical excellence, and justly, for the body should be the fitting mantle of the soul wrought in the similitude of the Supreme Beauty. The craving for symmetry is an instinct we can never lose. A deathless being should

be suitably clad, and a divine impatience moves us when he appears in shabby and ill-fitting attire. The thirst for beauty is a concomitant of our faith in God; because we believe in God we believe in man and search earnestly and expectantly for His superscription on the human coin. We are entirely right in insisting that man should realize his possibility. All things aspire to the divine Beauty, and most of all man.

The vision of Deity.

The unveiling of a human body stirs us to a sense of worship, for it is the closest approach to the external vision of Deity, the loftiest illustration of supernal Loveliness. The Greek statue lives today because it is a reproduction of man's body in his best estate. The Form in the midst of the Golden Candlesticks was a more spiritual revelation of the ideal man. The Greeks were paragons of physical purity and health, wearing the sublimest bodies yet built in the world. Those ideal limbs and muscles sculptured of old were not chiseled from

the brain of some high dreamer, but were close copies of men and women beneath whose pink flesh ran the rich life of the race. They were the everyday folk who ate, slept, and labored under Hellenic skies. The body is the drapery of a soul taking the outline of that which it covers and intimating the figure of God. Is it wonderful that every other object pales before it?

O beautiful life!

O beautiful human life! creation's supremest utterance! Is it, then, a weakness to be wrought upon by the curves of feminine beauty? Pure human outline ravishes us to the last, and from a divine prompting, for it is a finite rendering of Deity. To be shapely and wholesome is more than wealth, power, fame, all that ambition can give—they are as dust before it.

What ineffable housing!

The development and care of the body are of initial importance, for it is the basis of life; here life poises for everlasting flight, and without this base of resistance has

no sure footing. To be sure, the well-being of the body is determined largely by the state of the spirit; yet the body in its turn reacts upon the master soul. No power of genius can play upon a shattered harp, nor can the finest constructed eye see correctly through a stained or blurred medium. The lesson of the times is the importance of the body, the value of keeping it sweet, sane, and proportionate. What ineffable housing God has given the spirits of men! A sound body is the avenue of freedom, force, and gladness; power and joy are the attributes of well people. Health transmutes living into rapture, body and spirit blending in one orb of light.

Reverence the flesh.

Let us reverence the flesh and lead it to its highest possibility. By our mistaken methods of living we are polluting its springs and smiting its delicate construction. Do we not recall the days of our youth when we vibrated like a harp, and the world sang in every vein and nerve?

Simple health was our ecstasy, we did not know we had bodies, we walked not, but flew; we had fire, thrift, courage, were full-blooded and bursting with energy. A sterile body is to the soul what sterile soil is to the plant; the soul droops. We cannot grow roses in the sands. If we mutilate or starve life, it can not sing to us. Let us cherish this upspringing joy; increase of healthy natural life is accompanied by a new power of spirit, for heart and mind must root and grow in the body.

The inner creates the outer.

While the body has an unquestioned influence on the spirit, we know it is the spirit which is master, and is that which produces and controls the body. Everywhere and with everything it is a law that the inner creates the outer. The hidden life of the seed builds the structural pansy or nettle according to its secret quality. The plant is an expositor of the chemicals within its stem. Nevertheless, this interior power may be hampered or spoiled

by mutilation of the root or leaves. Life is coöperative or interdependent, the within and the without playing upon and modifying one another. Yet we must cling to the fact that the essential is the inner, for without it there could be nothing at all. There must be melody in the soul before song is possible, and yet a defective larynx would prohibit the divinest expression. In the heart of the nut lie coiled beauty and majesty, then the heart of oak and arms that clasp the skies. First, essential spiritual life; then the human form divine.

Beauty of body and soul are necessarily allied; still the principle does not always hold closely in the immediate generation. The faintest trace of physical comeliness indicates divine spiritual traits in the ancestral line, as the least deformity whispers the fact of covert evil. Our spiritual parts are so fluid and mutable, answer so quickly to the emotions, or the character, that they reflect instantly the condition of the character. So, in heaven, we shall

Beauty of body and soul.

know as we are known. Our bodies being material are less responsive, often fixed beyond any power of the spirit to change them; as the bent tree in its age can only be straightened by killing it. But a few generations of right living will turn the bad inheritance back to its normal symmetry. It may be we cannot always correct our own bodies; but we can correct those of the coming generation; and very much can be done immediately where there is an imperial and dominating individuality.

Building the spiritual body.

Ulrici conceives of the thoughts, volitions, and actions proceeding from our inner daily life as building the spiritual body of the future. If what we are within builds the outer fabric of character, as the sap of the tree rears its innumerable cells; and if the outer fabric of character is to be the body of the spiritual existence, Ulrici must be right. It is invariable that every thing that has life fashions its outer covering from its inner self; that

covering defines and represents the inhabitant, be it nautilus, plant, animal, or angel. We proclaim what we are in our appearance and demeanor; what is whispered in closets is told upon the housetops. If we were expecting a pure heart to take human shape before our eyes, we should feel instinctively that it must be beautiful; anything less would shock our faith in God. We are sure that truth and purity should be framed in the utmost external beauty, in an inseparable union, one of which can not survive the other. It is this feeling that causes us to set our worship of faith and love in such outline, hue, and melody. Virtue and goodness should have the added outward grace, another summer than that of June should flood their lives. Penetrated by heavenly harmonies they should become as the angels are.

Goodness in the face.

We feel that the revelation of goodness should be unmistakable in the face. We can not but feel that peculiar sweetness and majesty were manifest in the Saviour's

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bearing when His enemies reeled and fell backward at a flash of His face, or when harlots and wretches crowded about Him to catch the power of His healing touch. Jerome and Augustine think that His features were fraught with sacred beauty.

The announcement of the soul in the tones of the voice, in articulate words vibrating from unseen depths of holiness, we know well. The principle must hold, if not immediately, that the outer is a perfect correspondent of the inner. It may happen that a comely spirit is incarcerated for the moment in the body of a dwarf, or looks through the features of a libertine; but in a generation or two, if the life-quality is tenaciously held, it will come to its own normal external grace.

The new spiritual force.

It is incredible what the gift of volition, tempered by a sane and optimistic intellect, will accomplish. It will set the blood dancing in every cell and organ of the frame; it will so fortify the flesh that it

will repel polluting influences; it will rout fear and fling open the doors of promise. What can not the average man do when this new spiritual force possesses him? He rejuvenates like the drooping plant under the restoring rains of heaven. The places, postures, and dispositions that once knew him, know him no more; he is simply transfigured. His very raiment and habitation seem to have recovered dignity. The muscles of his face and the lines of his figure take on newer and better design, he regains a certain lost stateliness. A new physical life becomes the alert vehicle of the new man. We are beginning to know the regnancy of the mind over mere brute matter. As sunshine ripens wheat and paints the apple, the radiance of the spirit leads the body to its predestined beauty.

Thinking must be radically altered.

Our thinking must be radically altered before beauty will become universal. The physical ideal is the emergence of an inner ideal held steadily for a long while in pur-

pose. When mentality is enamored of health, beauty, and holiness, rather than lucre, fashion, and play, the divine ideal will slowly incarnate itself in the generations yet unborn. A marked advance could be made in two or three generations if there were strong unity of interest. We should begin at once, for almost any point can ultimately be scaled when the life is actuated by an absorbing and indomitable resolve. If the features, build, and disposition of the unborn can be determined by setting prenatal influences in motion, by persistently keeping before the mind beautiful and strong thoughts and visions, we can see here a power at work and available that will, if called upon, modulate the whole face of society. Says Emerson, "I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculpture that the sight might inspire him to copy." It is certain that the faultless statuary of Greece had its prenatal influence on the race.

The refluent action of the outer on the inner may cramp and retard the development of the inner under certain phases of life, be the soul ever so vigilant or undiscouraged. The whole truth should be told here. The soundest intellect must have a clear eye or it cannot possibly discriminate truly. We must not, and can not, ignore the pediment of life. It matters not how keen the mind, it can not enjoy the radiance of the day nor catch its ineffable and mingled hues through an inflamed optic; all its glory is abridged by that one defect. Physical abuse, by overwork or overplay, ends in stupidity of mind and heart. The nice balance of action and rest, the proper variety of both, renew the whole spirit and body. If the idlers knew the joy of work, and the inflexibly sober the rejuvenation of play, they would be up and at it. We live gaily, effectively, proportionately, when we accept the variation of interest the system demands. We should handle our bodies

Refluent action of the flesh.

with more gentleness and intelligence than the most priceless mechanism whose injury would involve irreparable loss. When all the embrasures of the spirit are clean and transparent, when each spring and cog has perfect play, we are men.

Life clears itself.

Life casts off him who pollutes its springs, clearing itself of danger by a divine necessity. The blue heaven, the flowers, and the tuneful waters can not tell him the secret of their joy, for he is past comprehending them. He feels himself shut out of existence, the most terrible of excommunications, insulated from nature and society with its dear loves and sensations. When the physical forces have been rioted away, and the keenness of the senses seared, there is a famine of joy; the soul is, as it were, without foothold, with no natural medium through which to touch the sensuous objects about it; the heaven-born instincts have no vehicle of expression. One vicious habit destroys the equation of the whole man;

we need not harbor all the vices at once to founder in mid-seas. A missing pin or cog will make the finest chronometer valueless.

Eternal childhood.

He who respects his life has the pure joys of the opening years; he has held fast the primitive capacity for happiness and reëntered the Kingdom of the Child. A precious vigor runs through his veins like the juice through the bole of the oak. His conserved and nourished youth gives him a sacred intoxication which does not flag nor weary even when his body is full of years, and to the last the whole earth sings in his heart. This is the secret of the eternal childhood of some rare friends. The life thrills along the corridors of a frame that raises no bars or impediments, the dual flesh and spirit mingling in one gladness. The full-blooded senses do not dull spiritual and mental power, but on the contrary lend them energy and wings. It can not be that the full complement of one part should be detrimental to another. Abundance of

physical life invites the soul to deeper and realer draughts. The senses sterilized, or starved, are certain to cripple intellect and weaken morality. There are bodies that drug the soul into a lethargy that increases until death.

The story of life.

Daily events make their indelible record in the body; face and form are a moving palimpsest on which personal history is graved, legend beneath legend. The story of our life is written in us like the history of the earth in the rocks. Our glory or shame is published in the carriage of the figure, the language of the face, and the quality of speech. Joy, grief, sin, mystery, gain, loss, are the tools of the cunning graver. Yet nothing can be wholly outward with such variant beings as we are; the body feels the moulding of its spirit, of the people and objects outside of it, the influence of the whole creation. The soul may smite the body, but it will smite back in full measure. Days and nights of fervid life, intercourse with

angels and demons, innumerable fashioning hands, make their mystic impress on the face, alter the speech, and transform the individuality. Look, therefore, to your interior life, if you would display a beautiful and noble exterior. Meet exigencies with calmness and courage, let love and truth shine through all the windows of your being.

Not mere flesh.

We are discovering that the body is a mingling of many things, a blending of spirit and matter, and not mere flesh, as the physiologists used to say. Character, we are beginning to see, determines largely the health of the bodily organs. The plant is a little soil, sunshine, water, light, air, and many other indescribable and yet undiscovered elements. The body of man contains these, penetrated by spiritual energy; withdraw the spirit, and it lapses instantly into a cold lump of clay. There is no such thing as pure physical beauty connected with such a being as man; the inscrutable thing we call soul and mind sup-

plies the beauty; she sits upon the brow, beams in the eye, is everything, yet viewless and intangible. The villain or saint reports himself from within through his body. He darkens or glorifies it with his spirit.

Seeking life.

Of all the mysteries, none are so profound as life; scientists and theologians have sought it in the pineal gland of the brain, in the beating heart or the beaming eye; but life is everywhere and can not be excluded from any atom of the frame; only the whole of man is man. He is destroyed by the kind of definition that is sometimes given of him, the life and personality are left out in the reckoning. Analysis leaves him like the rose after it has come out of the chemist's alembic; there are so many ingredients, but where is the divine entity, the color, the fragrance, the inimitable something we call rose? Man is that subtile and complicated wonder that lives and shines in every inch of him. The hour has arrived when we are to accept him in his entirety, and not indulge in too

much definition. In our missionary propaganda we no longer attempt to save the soul alone, for we see that man must have a saved body if the soul is to have any power. We understand that we must begin at the base; a structure cannot properly rise by giving first attention to the pinnacles and towers. Educators are discovering that the pabulum of their instruction is moral, that religion in its purest forms may be taught in the secular schools. Not long ago the doctor's ministrations were supposed to end with the flesh, bones, and nerves; now he knows that the flesh is interlaced with spirit, and that he must treat also the spiritual nature of his patient.

Church of the future.

The church of the future will deal with the whole man and fling juiceless ecclesiasticism to the winds. It will come to see that deformity and disease are profanities of life, subversions of the divine intent, blows at beneficent law. There were ages when men thought

only of their bodies, and dwelt exclusively in the lower apartments of themselves; it was the epoch of "the feet of clay," and the spirit burned dim and low. In later times there was another swing of the pendulum, and men lived as though they had no bodies, tried to exterminate them as objects of evil. This was a worse condition than the former, for the soul had no soil in which to root itself and grow. But the light is breaking and we are finding that sweet and sane balance wherein each is treasured and cultured. The creature of the Creator is coming to his own.

The new conservation.

Philanthropy, science, and religion are catching the idea of the unity of life. We are testing the influence of character on the nerves, and finding it vastly more potent than drugs. We are coming to see that if we would be well we must be good, if we would be happy we must be true. The conservation of all the vital forces of the life, including the mental and spiritual, is that new science of conservation of force

that will work miracles of healing. Those unseen agencies that breathe upon us from other worlds are becoming our strongest allies. We see that life is not, as we thought in our earlier days, composed of eating, sleeping, and action; it is a consecration to those finer instincts which alone can give meaning and value to the earthly term. Living in the spirit and the flesh is our privilege for the moment.

Take the risk of living.

The body should have full reverence and the complete satisfaction of its God-given appetites, for in its place it is as holy as the spirit; we should listen to its varied claims without giving it the rein. Let us take the risk of living while we may; let us wade deep into the tide of being; a few years more or less and we shall have had our earthly day and the spirit will have done with it forever. Meanwhile there is the glowing hour calling us to the ultimate experience. Every bit of deep true living is just so much more of the dear old world built into the man-

sion of the soul. Only thus can we carry the world with us, take it up into us, and transform it into thought and personality. So will the world sing in our heart long after we have left it; so will we gather up the wisdom and affection symbolized in its objects, casting away the husk; so assimilate those native and vigorous influences that will abide with us forever. Let us emulate the Greeks' enthusiasm for bodily beauty and strength, the schoolmen's reverence for learning, and the saints' love of God, binding them in a triple sheaf for the harvest.

Nature with us.

It does not require so great an effort as we are apt to think to get back to the fountains of joy, for our birthright lies in that direction. When the flesh is wounded nature is with us, and the parts begin at once to mend and knit themselves together. Nature is ever affirmative and sides with the Infinite; give her way, honor the law, and she will cure deformity and erase scars, as she decorates the rugged

mountain with verdure. Our unfledged sciences are unwittingly engaged in tying nature's hands and bandaging her eyes. We have only to lift the floodgates and the streams will flow, only to drop trustfully into the currents of her power. In spite of the cataclysms of æons the old earth is as young as the morning. How wholesome is the sea, how aromatic the woods, how youthful the dawn! There is a wide and complex sanitation impregnating the whole structure of the world. Hidden away in every department of her life it is yet near and available for every need.

Not drugs but submission.

The successful physician goes into partnership with Nature and takes reverent instruction at her feet; he prescribes not drugs so much as intelligent submission to her ways. Even the physically feeble, if they could but realize it, have preserved within them an unconquerable moral force that would lift their shattered bodies from the dust. Latent and elemental potency once summoned almost

builds the body anew. There is boundless hope for all, and the surprising is in its budding life. God has always left us another resource; there is always another opportunity. "If my bark sink 'tis . . . to another sea." If this were not true, there would be some real foundation for despair.

Health an obligation.

I wish to think of health as an obligation as well as a priceless privilege. It is really our duty to be well. If our ancestors had kept the law, we should not know what weakness or disease means more than the angels. But they have left us this legacy of woe which we are to overcome with faith and life. Nature will be beautiful if she is not interfered with. To the spiritual philosopher the beautiful is the rule, the point to which every force returns as soon as hindrances are withdrawn. Currents fall to their homes in the ocean, tides flux and ebb, forests seek the sky, flowers bloom and scatter incense upon the air; and man, built as he is for a kind of physical

immortality, the fruit and diadem of nature, should share in nature's joy and faith.

Man's grace like the arrow.

The ideal man approximates to the supernal Beauty, his bearing and personality respond to the conception of God. His grace is like the arrow that may be shot any distance according to the strength of the bow; the idea expressed in the human figure is capable of infinite enlargement. The body should be developed and exalted by every possible means; it is a sacred obligation; nature urges us onward, saying, "Come and let us claim our inheritance." It is certain that all diseases are preventable, or if not immediately because of a strength of heredity, they can be so weakened as to do little harm. It is certain that the ideal figure is attainable in a few generations of persistent wholesome and intelligent living. All are capable of happiness and beauty as truly as the thrush or the goldenrod. There is scarcely any limit to physical strength, as

proven by the amazing performances of our great athletes. The trained muscles will snap steel bars as though they were pipe-stems. Modern men are capable of all that Ajax, all that Hercules did. It is a religious obligation laid upon us to be strong and comely. Each day we should take some step toward the perfection of the race.

Life lengthened.

It is certain that life may be lengthened to a point not now ever reached. Scientists have searched the whole animal kingdom and have discovered that normal life covers five times its period of coming to maturity. In this category man, full-grown at twenty, has a golden mean of one hundred years. His mid-course is now something over thirty. There is little doubt that the century line is the easy step, and is even now by some greatly transcended. In our land we have recorded instances where life has gone healthily on to a century and a half. There is no real necessity for premature death; and age,

without decrepitude or pain, should arrive like the ripe apple upon the autumnal bough. Life may easily be prolonged far beyond the present term, for the curtain is now rung down in the mid-drama. Most of us are cut off untimely by the sins and blunders of our ancestors; our bodies are full of hidden dangers passed down the current of a thousand generations, the seeds of every malady latent within us, waiting for propitious conditions of growth.

Death may be halted.

The indomitable affirmation of the good and the true would not only hinder them, but in time rout them altogether. We of this age are preparing a legacy for unborn posterity. By a united and enthusiastic effort of society death may be halted and the sources of disease destroyed. The summoned life of God will drive out every susceptivity and rear the ideal individual into the ideal race in which there shall be no crying, nor tears, nor pain any more, for the former

things have passed away. The men of today should make their contribution of health, which will be added to that of the next generation, they, in turn, carrying life a little higher, so widening and deepening it until it fills the earth. The will of God demands a Kingdom of Heaven upon the earth; anything less than a perfect and happy world will miss His intent for us.

Roll back the tide!

Let us roll back the tide of deformity, disease, and death; we can be delivered only through strong and common effort. He who will make no effort to save others, himself is not worth saving; the good Lord coöperates with us; otherwise He cannot help us. He flings society into the waters of Life, but gives it hands and feet. We must find our way back to health and content by a resumption of the conditions of innocence and faith which He freely gave us, and which we seem to have either lost or cast away. A daily increasing number are beginning to comprehend that the power of salvation is

getting back to normal life, the return to elemental living, to the great rudiments which bring with them the peace and power of the Divine Life.

Chapter VI

The Highway of the Spirit

"Some natures catch no plagues."—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Living from above.

SAID Socrates, "A man is a heavenly tree growing with his roots, which is his head, upwards." The philosopher had discovered the sources of the intellect grounded in the heavens. Man, unlike the plant, lives directly from above. Later it was seen that the intellect, through the brain as an instrument and medium, creates the physical body. With its streaming, radiating threads it carries the mind to every distant place, and by an immanent living touch performs a daily miracle. The brain is really the man, for where it is not, the man is not. Put down anywhere on the surface of the body the finest point and you will touch the

brain; for the nerves are but an extension of that wonderful organ. As the highway of the spirit it bears man to every portion of his bodily domain. The brain in its numerous outreachings becomes the track of the spirit. There is no instrument so fine that when passed into the body can escape a nerve. We are actually a radiating brain penetrated to the bones and marrow by these remarkable rays of flesh. And this is the human battery that draws down the thought of God moving and humanizing the globe.

Winged individuality.

Ideas! What mystic things they are! They are individuality on the wing. They come from unseen places, swifter than computation, along wireless paths. They brood over us like a mother and breathe love upon our brow; they touch us with fraternal hands and gaze through deep-souled eyes. Ideas are spirits of thought and always have behind them a personality; there is no such thing as abstract thought. Behind every thought

sits the thinker as absolutely as the operator behind the wire over which the message flies. We are communing with immortals when we entertain angelic ideas. They shape and inspire us, we are drawn toward them with gentle lure as flame is drawn to flame. They approximate the height of God; for He must be higher than the highest and purest thought he has given to the best of men. The noblest conceptions are therefore His best measure. He is, of course, infinitely above them, yet they reach up nearest to His stature. The truest human portraiture of God is man's purest thought of Him.

Range of the intellect.

The immense range and vigor of the intellect is just dawning on the age. Its almost omnipotent resources have hitherto escaped realization, and there are new worlds awaiting the coming of some mental Columbus. A measureless sea upon which the barks of thought have scarcely ventured is opening to the vision. The fact that we can perceive the Infinite takes us out of the

category of limitation. We have explored the Titanic orbs of the sky and measured the heavens as easily as the land. The mind burns like a torch flaming with the lustre of stars, and new adventures not set down in our psychologies are calling to us. Lord of this inner realm, its borders may be widened to touch the illimitable. We may populate our minds with beautiful thoughts and open their gates to high inspirations—to the very breath and prospect of heaven. It is the immediate privilege of every one to accept truth, yield it reverent homage, and permit its light to dispel the darkness.

Exhilaration of high thinking.

Because the purest thoughts are nearest God they must be most tonic and helpful. What we name inspiration must be a clearer, profounder insight into the heart of truth. We sometimes criticize the flights of the mystics and call them impractical; but, as the air is more ethereal on the summits of mountains, we shall discover that they have only

been living on healthier and saner altitudes. The closer we get to God, the nearer we shall come to what is domestic, dear, parental, and lucid. The exhilaration of high thinking proves this; the breath of strength and sight that comes with it tells us we are in our native atmosphere. It is like the water of mountain springs.

The mind's health.

Wisdom is the mind's health and poise; as love is the health of the heart. Wisdom is to the mind what proportion is to the body; it is that wholesome quality which lends thought sanity and music, as the wood and strings of some priceless Stradivarius are made to sound divinely under the hand of the master. It is as evasive and uninterpretable as the breath of the Lord, and, like the sweetness of the summer day, is something to be experienced rather than defined. It is not learning, nor is it knowledge; but just wisdom past comprehending, shining in the hearts of humble folk and little children. It is a psychologic peace imbued with cheerfulness and

strength, a sort of effluence of mental bloom. It breathes a holy impartiality, having found that golden mean where error and excess are purged away.

Thinking the Lord's thoughts.

If we will only live humbly, thinking the Lord's thoughts after Him, we shall keep well and joyful. That our sorely stricken minds have survived the deluge of filth and falsehood flooding all the myriad delicate cells is by the mercy of God. It is more wonderful than that the body has weathered the enormous abuses heaped upon it through countless generations. Its ineffable chords, tangled, snapped, and smitten, may yet be straightened and strung to the old music. The rehabilitating power of man is amazing.

Live in the open.

As we come more and more into unity with truth our thinking finds the grooves in which the Lord's mind travels and becomes steadfast and glad. And in the exact ratio that we vary from His way we become perturbed and depressed. We say to those who would be well in body,

"Live in the open, seek the sunshine and the air, drink from the spring that filters through the hill, give the body action and relaxation, and all will be well." That simple sobriety and peace within the reach of nearly all is the medicine for our ills. Therefore give the mind the fair illumination of truths, and the ardency of love. Give it free way, releasing it from the cellars and sewers where it breathes hard.

Plague of the yellow press.

Press to its lips the chalice of sweet, strong thoughts. Read the writings of the great spirits; let the imagination rise and rest upon the bosom of the Lord. The plague of the yellow press holds millions of minds in prison cells of thinking that is as hurtful as the miasms of swamps. The cure is a return to the literature of sincerity and love. It is like the rush of health to the body of some wan prisoner set free in the summer fields of light and fragrance. Give the mind pure food, repose, and variety, the great simplicities at hand, and it will live. The

classic masterpieces which we know as poetry, painting, and sculpture must have been the flower of wholesome minds in close contact with the Infinite Beauty.

Mental poise.

Mental poise carries in its very constitution the elements of peace, gladness, and power. It is deep-founded, roomy, and discerning, with a purpose lofty and buoyant as the flame. It calms the fevered thought and is among the turbulent a gift from heaven. The steadfast, lambent spirit is like some gentle majesty of nature, or some beauty of the earth and sky; and affects us as the unwavering orb, the stately lily, or trees arching some silent pathway. On the other hand, precipitancy and flurry diminish confidence and give the feeling of deficient vitality. The consciously weak dash impotently at things, as a feeble horse with a load takes a hill. If we are God's, holding in embryo His attributes, then we natively possess the elements of all power. The mind of man, as He made it, is the

mind of God in little, and if ineffectual and joyless there must have been some breach of nature.

Perpetual victory.

Its normal condition is one of divine repose and energy. No sublimity of planet or mountain can excel the deep tranquillity of an ordered mind. It is perpetual victory celebrated, not by shouts of gladness, or boisterous ebulitions, but by peace, which is joy permanent and habitual, like the fixed glory of a star. It is conquest over all difficulties, even the bitterest sorrows. In the burden and heat of the day, with shouts of competition in the air, we recall the ideal of the morning and are glad it has not been lowered. When we can realize that the mind of God is ours, that all its priceless stores are immediately accessible, we shall become steady victors. Thought, wide open to the Lord, is ensphered and brooded by love, like flowers under the happy sky. We ought to rid ourselves of a habitual and persistent feeling that this condition is not

ours by inheritance, and that we must beg for it, or acquire it by some earnest formula of belief. Like the air, it is ours constitutionally, and we need only to take its long breaths into our life. As the newborn infant takes its first inhalation of the atmospheric sea in which it is bathed, let us open our being and live again. We may assume that all good is ours and call confidently for it.

We can choose.

Outwardly and superficially speaking we must take what comes; the circumstances of this day and tomorrow, the places, persons, and events, we must meet and there is no escape,—but in the central world of thought the reverse is true, there we are imperial and can choose. Lords of this deep realm, we may think what we will, we may close our doors or fling them wide apart. We may command the pure and sweet, the grandest that the heavens afford. So holding the reins we may guide the life along the ways of joy; we may bit and bridle our motley savages,

turning their wild and crude energies into ways of use. It is possible to keep calm in the earthquake of passion; to break the fierce colts of impulse and ride them to the goal of a good purpose. Our weaknesses lie inurned in the places of our strength. It is surprising what can be done in a single day when the will is fully enlisted.

An accession of love.

Students of heredity tell us that it takes several years to train the congenital stridency out of a voice. But an accession of love in the soul, some great trial or softening experience, will do it in a week. In the heart of the cyclone is a center called "the eye of peace" that moves with the whirling terror. There, is eternal calm, the peace of a summer hour, while around and about it turn the awful wheels of destruction. The heart of man in the labyrinth of social and business life may cherish the secret peace. He may tread the ways of hindrance and calamity as Jesus walked the angry sea at midnight.

The day ends and darkness settles about him, but the lights of the sanctified intellect dispel its blackness.

Mental wholeness and proportion result in joyful and lucid thinking. The balanced mind does not know everything in detail, but it knows in wholes. The heaven-kissed city sits in plain view on the heights, and although we can not count its towers, we mark well its symmetry. The minutiæ of the universe we do not see, nor every square inch of the landscape; but the mapping is perfect and plain. It is possible to follow the river up all its tributaries and find its springs, yet not inspect every foot of territory that it bounds and drains. There are tangles of wilderness, clumps of underbrush, and untraveled altitudes, but its perfect whole lies like a gem in the eye.

Mental wholeness.

Goodwill and purpose make for insight; as one finds best the way to the sea by embarking on the bosom of a river. When the outline of the body is drawn and

What makes for insight.

its main organs situated, there is clearness, a sense of refreshment as though we understood. The bones, the arteries, the nervous system, the prime functions of life standing forth to view, give us a pleasing conception of its unity, and we perceive it quickly, as one sees a breadth of sea or sky through a minute embrasure. But we shall never perhaps know all the complex, infinitesimal structure, because it is simply incomprehensible. Detail is a matter of millennial study, and even then we stand upon its boundaries.

Organizing one's thought.

This is what I mean by the affirmative mind organizing its thought. The alert and hopeful purpose brings large schemes into simple arrangement. Let us once hold earnestly in mind a high resolve, a coveted result, and the entire individuality centers that way. The carrier pigeon rises in air, turns its feathered prow homeward, and with the swiftness of an arrow seeks its cote. We start for a day's outing on the hills, and instantly every sense unites into a

single purpose and all are perfectly joined. Mind, heart, eyes, feet, blood, and nerves are interested. Thought poises the whole man towards its own interest, we are built up and unified by its light and power. So very much depends upon what we would be, and strive to be. If we aim to be a man, a woman, our whole constitution absorbs the idea, and the result is reached in every inch of us; for the man who is worthy of the name thinks as he *is*. If he thinks one way and lives another, his thought is no part of himself; it is too superficial to affect him, and it will be discovered that beneath the surface in the profound deeps of himself he thinks as he is. He is unrevealing in his words and we must take no account of them; we must read him in his actions or he is an incoherency.

Thought one with life.

He whose thought is not one with his life is like those creatures that travel in any direction with equal facility and seem to have eyes in every section of their frames.

But when he purposes to be a man, and thinks as he is, dual thinking vanishes. Our mental conflicts and entanglements always arise just here; we are playing with theories that lie outside the pale of our purpose. There is a miserable condition of conflict between thought and intent; and there is no condition so clarifying and invigorating as a high purpose to which everything in us points and travels. Our entire being assumes intelligent resolve and clusters about that resolve like the particles of a crystal about its center. It reminds us of those old folk-songs, unfathomable and deathless, which seem to have arisen out of the hearts of the people, and which give the bugle call to all fond recollections.

We discover ourselves.

Now that we have simplicity and unity, we discover ourselves. Every note of us beats to this music and we become a symphony of life wherein the material and spiritual join with pure harmony. We can recall our past, climb to its hill-tops,

throw our vision over its ranges, and note the integrity of its hopes and deeds. We can see how from the very first, instinctively but unrealizingly, we were journeying to a country whose borders we now behold. We can handle the silver thread that binds in sequence all the periods of our life from that invisible world out of which we came to the invisible into which we shall again disappear.

The test of life.

Here is the measurement of a life—has there been unity and purpose in it? Has one holy resolve thrilled it, one idea irradiated it? If we are bewildered, let us pause and apply this test, put this pregnant proposition to our spirits. Some lives run all breathless, pausing not, and to little purpose. Time and strength are saved by a serene inventory and summary; we should sometimes sit on the banks of our river and watch it flow by. Contemplation clears the stream and comforts the mind which by its very structure insists upon the simplicity of unity. Then personal

bias, mean prejudice, and trifling detail fall away; the runner in his eagerness casts off all superfluous garments, as effete substances drop from new and shooting growths. Every theory that does not cohere with the life we should reject as dangerous; let the dust of our chariot wheels settle again to its native dust. From the beginning of the world it has been difficult to think clearly; right thinking has been rare always from this very lack of purpose. "If any man will do His will he shall know of the teaching." Mental aimlessness leads inevitably to bewilderment and logical perturbation of the whole man. A high, clean purpose is the clarion call summoning thought to concentration and system, as the life of the seed summons the air, soil, sunlight, and water to the unity of the rose. The greatness of the greatest man consists only in this—that he has a divine purpose and has trained his eyes to see every ray of precious light.

The moulding power of thought.

The moulding power of thought on the will emphasizes the importance of right

thinking. Thinking frequently creates circumstances and even alters environment; it will change the chemical effects of the atmosphere on the body and cause the eye to see demons where are actually angels. When thought is healthy all things are beautiful and good. To the aberrant mind the summer day breathes poison; for thought, being mental sight and sense, receives according to its quality. When it is right, all is right, and we see as things really are, for all that is, is good and divine. Thought of a certain quality will illuminate the flesh as though it were a transparent vase, causing it to glow with ardor in the chill of a winter day. Watch the face and see thought flit across its surface like the shadows of clouds over the fields, brightening and darkening according to the mood. We may read the fine shading of an idea in the eyes, the indefinable transformation of expression, as we read a book. The mind of Christ made His body to glow,

illuminating the spurs of Hermon with its whiteness and smiting down the guards at the sepulchre. And in our ratio of power we may have the same transforming influence.

Certain incantations.

There is no question about the medicinal value of right thinking on ourselves and our fellows. Says Socrates, "The Soul is cured of its maladies by certain incantations, and those incantations are beautiful reasonings from which temperance is generated in the soul." We know well how great inspirations lift us high above sensualities, out of the domination of mere animal impulses. We are "in the spirit," and the body is hushed into a unanimity that enables us to forget it. True harmony is peace, such a perfect fusing of the triple personality that it makes one music. Thought, immediately effective through such a sane and willing medium as the body, is a tonic and disinfectant pressing with electric healing into cell and tissue. It is more easily summoned than the doctor,

and acts unerringly and without the bewilderment of diagnosis. Just as it is possible under the stimulus of a dash of enthusiasm to do without effort things that to the indifferent spirit would be out of the question, the affirmative mind, blind to hindrances and fears, goes happily on its way. The Hebrews sang hymns of peace in the sevenfold fury of the Babylonian fire and came forth as sweet and whole as from a garden of roses. Thus we may move among the diseased and dangerous fortified by our thought. If a single regenerating sentence will start the blood whirling through the arteries with intensified speed, purging every veinlet and bearing away the particles of death, what will not the united power of all divine beliefs do for us? Surely, "Life is ever lord of death."

Let us gird ourselves.

Let us gird ourselves with purifying and energizing sentiments. Said Herder, the German philosopher, when near death, "Give me a great thought on which to

die." A sentence falls occasionally into our hearts like the voice of the Master into the grave of Lazarus. The realms of life and death lie within the parenthesis of our thinking. If the warrior watches that his sword is not bent or rusted, how should we give heed to our thoughts! The angels deployed to wipe away humanity's tears are the incarnation of our most beautiful thoughts standing at our doors ready to enter with their peace. The heavens brood above the saddest and most desperate, ready to break into the music of hope and repeat again the song above the hills of Bethlehem. Good thoughts are the presences of good souls, and God's thoughts are God with us.

Quick effect of thought.

The Sanskrit rightly names man, MNA, the Thinker. Wherever we are and in whatsoever straits, we may regale the mind with the wine of beautiful reasonings; on the bed of pain or in the ranks of toil we may be visited by all sweet and gracious powers. No bars of earth or hell can keep

them out. If we only knew our privileges we should never be without a feeling of pure peace; we should never complain, never be unhappy, and never sin. The calm, bracing joys of eternity would pervade us even amid the round of the menial and trivial. We do not yet comprehend the quick effects set trembling by the thoughts we shelter; that misgivings, doubts, prophecies, golden hopes, are the springing up of these intellectual germs from the deep soil of the mind. We are fearful and apprehensive because we have permitted our fancies to play tricks with us; certain ponderings rob us of courage and vitality as surely as the lance draws the life-blood. Anxiety, bitterness, and general infelicity are the furrows left by the sharp ploughshare of false cerebration.

The hand and heart of God.

To redeem and illuminate life by wholesome thought is the work of divine men and women everywhere. To set light flashing that will bring the dawn of spring

to men's minds is the vocation of the sun of the soul, the ready and cogent privilege of all who can think at all; for good thought is the magic that transforms at its threshold the vestments of grief. Even the least can perform almost the incredible, for the Lord flows through him to others. He can be the hand and heart of God to needy men. Power starts in minute and sometimes undiscoverable ways, like those thread-like, silver streams born on the hills which broaden and deepen until they bless the land and the sea. The cottage rush-light outshines for some poor traveler the star in the sky. And yet what a very great thing it is to inspirit a single home!

Thought better than drugs.

The doctor's presence is often more efficacious than his drugs; his confidence and buoyancy start the fountain of health to playing before the medicine has been swallowed. We may become our own healers, prescribing thought, awakening the torpid forces of health by a single truth held steadily and believingly. The child in the street,

transported with young innocence, too glad almost to live, may be robbed of it all by a word or look of rebuke, and its tears may be soon dried by smiles. Even the dog droops in every line of his frame at a tone of disparagement. I have wondered whether the fine computation of forces and effects possible in these wonderful days will at last come to reckon the potencies concealed in the embrace of a single great idea. The mental Might that reared the universe, decking it with loveliness and laughter, an outward reflection of the Divine Mind, certainly cast the counterpart in the mind of man; it is an image and likeness of His Own.

Reason must be reckoned with.

Reason is an aggressive and creative energy that must be reckoned with in the restoration of the social desolation. To possess illuminating and regenerating ideas and hide them within the breast is the indefensible sin. What may be the power of the mind that uprears architectures and bridges chasms over disease, deformity, and

mental blight? The highest function of thought is the diffusion of health and happiness. I believe the end of the creation, and the supreme wish of God, is a heaven of beautiful and glad souls, and I believe He desires all to join that company. One dispiriting word does more than chill; it is a derelict afloat, a dagger-thrust at the divine scheme. Every bright word, like every pleasant air of music, is pleasure in action, it is virtue and goodness at play. The soul nearest us catches the contagion and goes its rejoicing way; and it is our privilege to send as many thus away as possible.

Laws within laws.

Do not call him frivolous and unfeeling who conquers the atmosphere of anxiety that pervades a stricken home, and at the same time the preoccupations and fears that seek to possess his own mind. He realizes the situation, but discovers a stronger principle which, pitted against grief and doubt, annuls them. Gravitation is a condition not to be argued

away; but growth, without destroying, makes gravitation for itself ineffective. How confidently the rose tosses its crest in air, defying yet bowing in graceful reverence to the all-pervading law. Calamity may be overcome by a faith transcending that which would draw it earthward. There are laws within laws, centripetal and centrifugal forces of spirit and body, myriad slumbering gifts that balance one another, which, when in equable action, pluck the sting from the wound and drive away the shadow. This is the secret of high hearts that seem scarcely human, so unconcerned are they about the trivial matters that the world in general can not bear. They behold enlargements of life through whose embrasures they quickly enter. There are no evils that do not lie easily within the inclosure of God's best love for us and which do not offer spiritual escape into happier fields. The very darknesses are a portion of the vast harmony so vaguely and dimly apprehended

by us. Through the vale of grief and doubt we draw near the city of God.

A new literary flora.

A new literary flora is arising that is to be the food of the future. Men will collect, as in the past, in great assemblies for the electric touch of fellowship, and oral interchange of ideas; but the contact of mind with mind is to come largely in the future through the printed page and the silent, invisible messages of telepathy. The mind of the world is to become one vast audience sitting where times and places have no bearing. Redeeming thought, hastening along highways made without hands, will weave the globe with joy, dropping into mansion and cottage as the stars fall to earth. Hearts are seeking kindred hearts everywhere, each shall find its own, and isolation shall pass. There is a great spiritual law binding all like souls in one company on earth or in heaven. Human societies contain the principle of the plant which draws, by an easy spontaneity, only that which be-

longs to it. Isolated bodily, it may be, we are in spirit with those who are like us, and if like angels in heaven, then we are in spirit in heaven. The meeting of minds through books will bring together like aggregations, and these human clusters will also find still larger unities; as the solar systems are larger groupings of star clusters, these in turn being gathered into still larger integrations called constellations. The grouped flowers on a single head, like the clover, is a lesser illustration.

Psychologic transmission.

It seems certain that psychologic transmission will follow closely on the heels of wireless telegraphy, and mental highways, crowded with couriers bearing messages from star to star and from heaven to the earths, will travel the interstellar spaces. For the present it is largely the printed page that holds sway; it must perform its use before yielding to something finer and higher. Thought, on incredible wing, graved on the white page,

is the present general manifestation. The book and the wire are doing God's work in scattering His own blessed thought over the fields of life. At this momentous hour, when the globe is strung to thought, and girdled by it, when the presses are swift, and the very auras swept by unseen envoys, we ought to ask "What soul are we giving it?" "How is it freighted, with what quality of thought are we lading these infinite carriers?" The new intellectual output is replying bravely.

A new song.

There is a new, strange song in the air, and just now, when minds and hearts are open, the gospel is near. New truths, like new discoveries, wait on the receptive mind. The Lord is ever ready to give, He must wait for man. He keeps them stored in the reservoirs of His will until men are ready, and then they fall like the showers. The first clear notes herald the day; the world of God is about to be bathed in a revelation that will uplift its entire life

and thought. We talk of the physical forces of the planet still latent and undiscovered; but this new might of mind will conquer all difficulties and cure all ills. The intuitions of men everywhere are starting up as from a dream to greet the proffered gift. Each new victory is quickening faith, and the day must dawn. God's coming is like a slowly brightening orb showing itself at last as a sun of the first splendor.

The whole world awakening.

If it has taken so long to make electricity useful and practical, if its revelation has been so tardy and trying, what shall we expect of something infinitely vaster and finer? And now that the whole world is awakening to the transforming nature of right thinking, the medium and facility for its transmission is ready. The literature of doubt is dead and the pessimist gets no hearing; only books of hope can find readers. We want our reading to give us strength and joy. The older sciences, missing the soul

of matter, gave us a dead world and a dead God—with, however, some useful contribution and some sincere work; but the men of today, who are telling us about the universe, know it is the living garment of the Lord, charged with His personality; they have reverently touched its hem and received virtue. A new and throbbing science is here, totally different from two score years ago, and the victory of thought is entering upon a career whose magnitude and beneficence is beyond augury.

Chapter VII

The Central Melody

"The irresistible, sound, wholesome heart
O' the hero . . . drove back, dried up sorrow at its source."—ROBERT BROWNING.

THE faculties must march abreast if life is to make its requisite music. An undue development of the intellect is irregular, making for deformity and mischief. Life is not wisdom alone; it is also affection, and to do good service both must be based in sound, sweet flesh. Intellect all alone is inert; life with its fires drawn—love is its power, the red energy that makes the mind effective. After all that has been said of the broadening influence of ideas, the capacity of education to build a man and a nation, it remains true that they could not have the slightest weight if they were not mellowed and driven by feeling. The book,

The faculties abreast.

speech, poem or song without heart can no more arouse and touch than the street light can make the surrounding trees bud and blossom. No purely intellectual man or woman has given society moral impetus, or left a reputation for genuine greatness. They may have been dazzling, but not influencing, leaving their neighbor, and the world, about where they found them.

Love without wisdom.

There have been times among men when feeling and thought have sought to maintain a separate existence. We have had the exquisite idea and fine-spun theory like faultless sculpture, white, perfect, cold; and we have had love without wisdom rioting like a bacchante. There have been people with beautiful conceptions and the utterance of angels, whose minds have dwelt in heavenly places, but who have been so halting in their conduct that they could not support a decent morality. Others, whose lives have been fragrant with purity and love, have thought incoherently and

illogically. The lovers of goodness have been in one class, the students of wisdom in another; as if either could exist in any reality alone.

Truth when true is full of tenderness, love when real is divinely wise. The balance of these has been so disproportionately held that goodness has sometimes been spoken of in such a way as to imply weakness; and reason has been confounded with craft and guile. They should mingle with the perfection of light and warmth. This was the mind of Jesus; His reason was so keen that He could cut asunder the sophistries of His enemies with a word; His love was so magnetic that He drew to Him the vilest outcasts. All honor to the divine beauty of thought, let us crown it with laurels; but let us also honor that other beauty born in the profundities of human emotion, let us gather up the wealth of the heart in the transparent vase of the mind; it is the power within the radiance.

The power within the radiance.

Love is first.

The priority of mind or heart has taxed the ingenuity of world logicians; but if emotion is life it must be first in point of fact. There is a difficulty in adjusting so impalpable and evasive a thing as spirit and mind. Cast the new and fragrant plant in the retort of the chemist and attempt to decide by analysis the primacy of its complicated charms and you have left a pitiful residue of ashes. Weigh the light and heat in the balance and you get no priority, take one from the other and there is night. We know that love is first, for God is Love, and yet love is naught without its tempering wisdom. We feel the supremacy of love and its commanding relation, believing all difficulty may be solved by it, that it holds in solution the secret of living. We know, too, that we continue to live when we do not comprehend; the heart beats pending an attempt to understand. Life is thus before thought, for without it thought is dead. When we fail to understand, to untangle the skein of

sophistry, we may fall back on the elemental act of living; we may express the creed of heaven in practical works, its most clear and eloquent vehicle. Life is a vital and total act, while thought is always partial and theoretical. We may permit the sweetness of truth to operate in our faces and affairs. When we do the truthful deed, heavenly melodies play through our souls.

Acceptance of the incomprehensible.

Faith is not wholly a matter of thought; on the contrary, it is the life's acceptance of the incomprehensible without any definite proofs. We have faith in God, but He is beyond our understanding; the babe trusts its mother, of whose marvellous personality it has virtually no comprehension. Faith is not a hope; it is far more, it is hope's fruition, love and confidence having lent it certitude. That mystic and unutterable something we name faith transcends hope. Hope is wavering, and denotes in its very etymology incompleteness; faith holds the life

true and keeps it calm and sweet when arbitrary theories are dying and the conventional structure of belief is in wreck. Occasionally inherited beliefs have gone down before the investigation of wisdom, and faith has been strong enough to bridge the incomprehensible. When we come to think for ourselves, and are drifting from the ancient ways blazed by our fathers through the wilderness of the incomprehensible, we should have built up within us a conviction in the goodness of God and His world, undaunted by the paradoxical or even illogical.

Recovering simplicity and heart.

The tendency to depreciate the inner life, to act as though inspiration had ceased, to ignore faith and its dear joys, is lessening. Does God no longer haunt our silent fervors and pour His love through our variant works? We are recovering simplicity and unction, beginning to believe in the preëminence of the moral over every other force, to tremble beneath the weight of our ma-

terialism. It is a sign of the times that in a period like ours, when love and justice have been low, that our hearts catch themselves quickening at their very names. We are beginning to realize that a right heart gives harmony to the whole being; as the plant gets its unity and beauty from the precious substances packed deep at its core. What we see with the eyes must be the outflowering of an inner quality.

Rhythm sleeps in the soul.

Plato says that rhythm sleeps in the deeps of the soul; which is merely saying that the determining factor of the outer life lies pregnant there. The Greeks' god of music was also their god of righteousness. Music rises aloft above the comprehensible into the kingdom of mystery; yet we are each at home with it, and through its offices each heart gets its individual message. There is an ineffaceable tie binding melody and the affectional nature in one pure strain, the chords of each responding with quick joy. The

breast loves it with the same native emotion as the bird the air. What makes for grace, kindliness, and repose is unseen and intangible. What is right is what the central self instinctively loves, and what is wrong is that from which it instinctively recoils. We are so finely keyed to the infinite that we feel the least jar of dissonance. A beautiful life is the certain effluence of a beautiful heart.

Spend for the spirit.

Conserve, then, the central melody, for it is that which makes us what we are. True thrift is to spend lavishly for the spirit, to make the daily expense for the everlasting. Millinery is admissible when it fits and expounds the soul and the body, but a vile body clad in purity, an empty brain diademed with gold, are the height of irrelevance. When we are right in our loves we are parallel with the whole work of God; then we are related to Nature, which is a splendid flowering of a central grace. We see men undergoing transmutations that make them new crea-

tures through the power of a hidden virtue, the entire world modulated and glorified by their other way of feeling. Is there a blotch on your universe, an obscurity, a gloom anywhere? be sure it is an image reflected from some inner condition. That the central and essential commands, is a tenet never violated in creation. We are reminded by those frequent stirrings of the sap of kindly feeling that our goodness is trying to get the rule whenever it seems to have the slightest opportunity.

Vision from the heart.

The ability to see clearly, to think correctly, is the matter of a sound inner life. We can not command veracity by a nod; we must possess it, and it us; it must be a portion of our tissue if it is to report in our demeanor. Diplomacy and truth have little in common, and the story will be coherent if the life is guileless. The hero fears not that if he withholds the avowal of his deed it will go unheralded and unrecognized; the deed is himself wrought in each action, speak-

ing in each feature. The heroic enspheres him, is an aureole about him seen by the souls where he moves. It covers him with the beauty of a celestial mantle distinguishing him from others. Even a commonplace figure and features, permeated by the heroic, wear the aspect of immortality. Moral joys are profounder far than intellectual; there is a happy consciousness that we possess deep within us a loveliness known to God whence arise holy impulse, enthusiasm, the renewal of courage, and powerful incentives to right action. The kingdom of love is, above all, the kingdom of bravery and cheer.

The heart easily accomplishes.

I must revert again to the peculiar ease with which the heart accomplishes. Goodness, like life at the core of nature, is elemental, achieving with the brightness and cogency of nature. It is, so to speak, in the spiritual blood of man and can not be repressed. Virtue is the adherence in action to the nature of things

pressing up underneath humanity with unconquerable vigor. It is not an acquirement, it is an aboriginal possession. The whole life lends itself eagerly to a fundamental human tendency, and the healthy physical affords a platform upon which its higher interests may meet. Faith may no longer be thought of as a literary formula of belief; it is something resident, and to be tabulated among the phenomena of nature. There is a science of goodness and joy as exact as that of chemistry. Our faith, if a true one, is of personal substance; character is nature rising into finer regions, breaking through the flesh and seeking spiritual sublimation in the fair blossom of the human plant. There is an intimacy of divinity in the very atoms; God immanent everywhere and always.

Abandonment to God.

Abandonment to the great Will sleeps at the roots of creation and sways men and worlds. The happiest are those who have learned from the universe the lesson

of obedient trust, who have discovered in their own structure, even to the flesh, the divine motion; who know that holiness is active and practical assent to the laws of body and spirit, following destiny with the fidelity and repose of the tree and the orb. A faith of this quality rests in God and His world. The grass, the corn, the beast of the field, exist in calm confidence, feeling a firm but unconscious sense of security. There is a tacit trust in the falling rain, the rustling corn, the songful brooks, and the opening day; they walk with God, following their common life without haste and without unrest. Should we who consummate the wide creation, in whom all precious things of earth and heaven find residence and fruition, be less loyal and confident than these? Let us try to do voluntarily and intelligently what nature does dumbly; let us believe in the grand idea of nature expressed in her acts, coveting her serenity and health.

We should lodge our love on the loftiest peak of faith, for even then we shall be standing on the foothills of the everlasting. Confident love, tempered and directed by wisdom, will give us the contentment and gladness of nature and of God. On the pinions of its might it will sustain all that is solid and precious in the world; from it secret magnetisms will incessantly flow. Its hasty glances will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle trust than the most elaborate arguments. Divine love, the love of the holiest, is an universal solvent, melting heart into heart and clarifying each. It becomes a steadfast imperishable joy, and the spirit is sure of an all-sufficient and unfailing nourishment.

The universal solvent.

There are natures that bind us over to rectitude by their high expectation. That they feel sure of our integrity holds us to truth and panoplies us against temptation, lifting us from the common places to altitudes where nothing base

The gift of healing.

can breathe. They have the gift of healing, of stilling the strife of tongues, and sweetening the bitter waters. Without constraint hearts turn to them like flowers to the light. Dwelling high out of the region of the mean and vengeful they inhale the sweet breath of God. And yet, after all, the divine is the normal, the common life God gave us, and in regaining it we simply recover a forfeited condition. By merely desiring what is good, without quite knowing always what it is, we become a factor against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

Live from this fair region.

The mainspring of life is in the heart, and it is there that the vital forces have rise; there dwell also the agencies that have made possible the miracle of modern industrialism, the fires that have kindled patriotism and religion. We feel the pulse in all great human creations, and through entire nature; beating in the veined plant, quivering in the sky, and

boiling in the seas, we detect the sympathy of the Infinite. Beneath the transparent surfaces of things glow and throb the features of Love. Genius takes its rise in these provinces, and never was there anything great and lasting accomplished without it. The impalpable substance, the exhaustless source of beauty, the winning, moving powers of life, are imbedded in the heart. We cannot begin to live from this fair region without instantly rising to a higher plane; a sense of self-subordination, of self-mastery, is felt, and we are no longer a bundle of jumbled impulses lacking purpose and peace. We throw ourselves gladly into the sublime order, doing with comprehension and pleasure what the stones and trees do involuntarily.

Purity and courage.

Let us keep ourselves pure for the sake of our courage; the pure heart goes all the way, the tainted one tires in a mile. A single base imagination will degrade the action of the heart and clip

the sinews of power; it will even debase the animal tissue and rob the nerves of their delicate action. This is because goodness is distinctly human, proper to man, and any lowering of the standard is a blow at his unity and integrity—and these, unity and integrity, are the indispensable requisites of courage.

Confidence and joy.

Courage is a kind of faith leavening the whole of the good man's life; he believes to his finger-tips and to the soles of his feet. He has an invincible reliance in God, in himself, and the universe. It is impossible to obey with nature without feeling sure that all is well; it is a kind of witness of the Spirit, a reassurance of the Lord. He who trusts and rejoices does so in the strength of an unwavering conviction that the world is governed by love, no matter how contradictory his experiences may have been. Let us once actually believe, and we cease to fear, for we know that victory lies with the good, and not with the evil. Unqualified confidence

is the sole basis of large and joyous living; possessing this, we possess all and rest sure. Where trust fails, obedience fails also, weakening the life. Nothing beautiful and permanent, nothing truly human, is accomplished without it.

Belief surpasses hope.

A kind of glorious predestination has always been necessary to great and undiscouraged characters; they have felt that their mission was assured and nothing could dismay them. They have been sure they were implements in the hand of Destiny; that He was irresistibly speeding on His worlds, with them aboard, to "some far-off divine event." Their belief has surpassed hope, developing into a security that has not faltered. Hope always includes the shadow of misgiving; it is indeterminate until it becomes full-fledged confidence; then it is open-eyed, scientific, is based upon an instinct of life, considers the tyranny of circumstances, the frailty of human resolution, counts on possible temporary discom-

fiture, reckoning honest defeat as steps to final mastery. Said Robert Louis Stevenson: "I believe in the ultimate decency of things—ay, and if I awoke in hell should still believe in them." To be confident of life is to feel that it is a contest in which the palm will eventually belong to justice and love. And we do not believe because we will to, but because we cannot help it; a true life is organized and embattled faith in the divine order, a faith native to the blood; it is a condition of health that amounts to a holy covenant, assuring us that somehow, no matter just how, the good will succeed; this conviction cleaves to the constitution and will not down.

Love more than bread.

Just here is the rise of that mystic and ranked power setting in action all the better purposes; by it we live much more than by the bread we eat. Everything that tends to weaken this deep-founded trust must be of evil. The future is for the clear-sighted and laborious believer.

Belief engenders love to God, that quickening love which is the mightiest stimulus to toil, and lends dignity to character. Let us have the courage to commit ourselves to that Power in whose embrace the universe sleeps; it is the essential step, the great conclusion. He of little faith is also of little accomplishment; he is debilitated by his doubt of the stability of the universe and the moral fibre of humanity. Life is constant change, perpetual ascent and assumption of new forces and forms; but with its constant shedding of outworn systems there is one point, like the pole-star, that remains—Faith; that changes only in the beauty and amplitude of its splendor. The paramount gift is a steadfast conviction that God is good, and all is well; the lesser faculties cluster about this fervid center with a subordinate worth.

Do not wait for a smiling sun.

Do not wait for a smiling sun to lend you a sense of security and pleasure, for some ascendant influence to decide in your favor.

Every fortune or trial waiting in your path depends for its capacity to harm or bless you on what is in your heart. The heart, with its sweet alchemy, transforms circumstances into its own quality; that right, all is right. If the wide world is a dungeon, its darkness dense enough to be felt, if chains are heavy, there is one remedy—*believe!* If we must grope, let us feel for the light with all our powers, holding fast to our surety of its existence and its glory. It is not enough to confide in the God of high suns and the full vintage; we must trust also in the God of chaos and midnight, of the labyrinth and the desert. It is not enough to trust when the spirit leaps with gladness and the face of fortune smiles; we must trust also when the earth rocks and the heavens depart. In the hostile by-way He will meet us unexpectedly, saying, "I am with thee."

Physical and moral beauty.

The outward beauty must in its last analysis be a beauty of the soul; we reluctantly dissociate physical from moral

loveliness. Graceful spirits must eventually assume forms of pure outline, and do deeds fit to shine on the canvas of the Master. It is a principle never broken that man, or world, flower from the center outward, according to their quality. Beauty is first a spiritual essence, and all beauty must, when traced to its fount, find the heart of God; it lies deeply planted there, ascending more or less steadily to its typal glory. We are all rendered more outwardly fair by the central good, and all our actions are modified by this hidden dictate. The day will surely come when the hard and ugly features will no longer organize because of the supremacy of love. A single ray of love, widening in the soul, will ennoble every physical line and contour. The ideal we serve images itself in the commonest face, banishing disfigurements and cares. "With the ideal is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy; round it all the Muses sing."

Human beauty the aim of creation.

Love wreathes a garland for the brow of the most unspiritual. The electric current will make metal so peculiarly luminous that its quality is revealed by its distinctive hue; so the light of the heart will make man bright with love's own beauty, not altered in form or identity; these are as they were, but the familiar presence has been touched with glory as the sun gilds the cloud. We are never more truly human than when in these sacred states, because never more like God, the divine and perfect Human. The aim of creation is an ineffable human beauty such as angels wear, a transcript of the beauty of the King. He wills that all should share His holiness, and so His grace. The return to the original type means that little by little the sense of ugliness and deformity will pass, and our eyes will no longer behold the disfigurements now so general. The ancestral dignity of human nature will exist again. Love will have her way, not only with our bodies,

but with the objects and events about us; a new universe will engirt the new race of men. A pure light enfolding all will give us honor even in outward poverty and misfortune.

Beauty inseparable from joy.

Beauty is also inseparable from joy. When we are capable of love and worthy to be loved there remains at the depths of us, even in great sorrow, a hallowed sweetness, a breath as of spring playing among the flowers and trees, transforming everything about us and saving us from the tyranny of mere occasion. Merged, as we are, in that which is higher we forget to take so serious account of our mere living. The outward wants of those who live in the spirit are few and simple, the common kindnesses filling them with pleasure and gratitude. The dewdrop is as beautiful as the diamond and the painted east excels any canvas of the master. Joy and appreciation are the vital air of the good, while grief is a sort of asthma. The true life is built and

panoplied through rejoicing of spirit, and we can never be happy if we possess not and love not something that is pure and good. Happiness is a plant that thrives far more readily in a moral than an intellectual atmosphere; the spirit that is gentle, true, and kind is shielded by its faith. To look confidently upon life, to accept the laws of nature as laws of love, not with sighs of resignation, but with cheerfulness; to dare to search and question, and at the same time hold fast to faith and peace—these are the qualities that make for happiness. A religion that restrains joy is wrong and its fruits condemn it.

Maintained youth.

Our support is the birth in us of that which banishes fear—a confident love. Fear has its roots in selfishness; self-distrust and distrust of God consume us. Let us abandon ourselves to Him who knows whither the worlds drift. The confident heart can heal sorrows and doubts; love exalts talent, enhances beauty; it

overcomes. The secret of retained youth, in the face of years, is holding fast to enthusiasm and love—in short, maintaining the harmony of life.

Chapter VIII

The Great Amens

No heart is pure that is not passionate, no virtue safe that is not enthusiastic.—Ecce Homo.

Stores of promise.

THE sound and emancipated spirit moves calmly even in portentous times, steadily pushing its faculties to their perfection. In the most complete men the better traits are rounded, ruddy, and well to the front. The one invincible force of the world is the human will, an engine behind all the instincts and capabilities; and if it have the breath of God it will impel them goodward, making them equally sweet and strong. In the soul that is balanced belief and action have always been united like the two properties of light. Nothing great has ever been achieved without these burning at the heart of the good and the true, God militant in man, om-

nipotent Will incarnate and riding on wings of Love. Men truly and grandly human have drawn abundantly on the stores of promise. The light-hearted, the convinced and inspired, have always accomplished the great things. God said, "Let there be light," and the word went flashing forth into stars clad with verdures and divine humanities.

Heart and sword.

Life should be martial, gallant, and at the same time tender and pure; the good soldier is one of the most exalted figures in the world; he has a heart in his bosom and a sword in his hand. In the breast of the brave and virtuous a strain of maternity mingles with the might, victory organized and merciful; while he wields the sabre there flashes from its blade gleams of affection—his sword is "bathed in heaven." In his ardent struggle with evil he quenches fear in mercy and feels not the pain of wounds in the glow of service. The spirit in which we look to the future is the test of our moral condition; if we do not sow

light, our real life is asleep, has not yet awaked. The secret of good achievement is the undaunted conviction that behind our gifts is the capacity and resolution to push them to their best. The gauge of our manhood is whether all that is best in us is rallied for service.

Abandonment to the good.

There are some whose presence in the world is as the presence of luminaries; their entrance to a room is as though the candles had been suddenly lighted. Even in their silences they demand our hearts, and they succeed in making humanity beautiful to us. In our wretchedness they are morning light, and whenever we think of them we think also of immortality. They point the glass of their faith into our darkness, and lo! suns and stars appear. "Sick or well I have had a splendid time of it, grudge nothing, regret very little," were the almost dying words of one who waged a life-long battle with physical death. The way of life is abandonment to the good, submergence in the great Will,

cutting away once and forever the ties of self-interest and self-sustentation. It is easy to move with the tide bearing ever and ever upward if we will but trust ourselves to its currents. Life is intuitively committed to the Power that upholds all things; for we are but nurslings upon the breast of Nature. Events are benign and every blade is wreathed in flowers.

The day great and final.

Love and truth are then our vital breath. These great words get into the minds and hearts and so into the lives of all supreme characters. Matthew Arnold expressed them as "sweetness and light," and Mr. Roosevelt has named them "sweetness and strength." The ill-favored conception of human depravity has been contradicted at every point of man's progress and the old teaching has had its fatal blows. The All-True and All-Good has graved himself in the very integument of body and spirit. The foregoing remark would be only a beautiful iteration, needless of repetition here, if it were not true

that some still deny our heavenly origin, that the true and the good stand forever, are the only realities, finding their apotheosis in man. Commonly speaking, there are virtue and evil, darkness and day; technically there are not. The day is great and final, it is everything; night is a myth, the globe has simply turned, imposing its bulk between us and the sun; that orb is, as ever, transcendent with glory. It is as true of the universe as of heaven that there is "no night there"; the temple of creation is never in shadow.

Best moments our measure.

We should hold to the fundamental integrity of the race, to the great amens of the good spirits in all ages; they are the genial beams of the collective Soul of the world. We should insist that our highest self is our real self; embosomed in beauty, equipped with mastery, we should insist upon realizing that self, giving it freedom, occupation, joy. What is always most attractive in us is that interior beauty by which our friends get glimpses of the im-

perishable. We are entitled to be measured by our best moments, for this is when we awake as from dreams, reveal our angel, part the folds of our life and vouchsafe the vision. What flashes of charm from characters set down in world-vocabulary as depraved! The gem in the gutter is still a gem though obscured with filth; wash it and it responds as gloriously as ever to the light.

The heart deep with divinity.

It is thus we should think of our fallen friends. They will have their deliriums of folly, moments of insanity, but they will return to health. Sin is an intruding sickness and no proper quality of man. The faintest aspiration for good is a symptom of return to rationality, as when the recuperating patient asks for food. The sweetest music is not orchestral but the human voice when it speaks from its instant life in tones of purity and affection. Wherever we touch life we find that which holds ineffable charm, and life is everywhere if we drive our shafts deep enough—

even beneath the sands of the desert. So the heart of humanity, outwardly arid, scorched with selfishness, is deep with divinity. In its mystic abysses are stored seas of love and courage.

Breath of the high day.

When we have been true we have, at least for the moment, lived, and we marvel that we could ever have been otherwise. The exhilaration is the surge of the divine through all open channels of our life. We can only comprehend in others that which is also within us, making possible our quick recognition of the good and the brave wherever we find it. Truth rejoices the general heart; and love, like music, has transfiguring virtue. Nothing is so intelligible as goodness, nothing so puzzling as sin; it is as inexplicable as madness, and when we recover from its delirium we can not comprehend our former condition. We marvel at crime and tabulate it among the varieties of lunacy. The problem of evil is as unaccountable as that of plagues; but love and righteousness

are as the breath of the high day on the mountains.

The rise of life in verdure, beasts, and men, is the response of the earth to the call of the Lord. Nature is blithe, redolent, advancing; clad in perpetual maidenhood, she is a daughter of the morning. "Room for the living!" she cries, as with rosy fingers she unbars the gates of light. She covers her scars with verdure, screening decay with beauty, and deftly obliterating all traces of her act. By her abounding vitality she deprecates sin and death.

Fire life with courage.

Evil is nonexistent and there is nothing absolute about it; it is so much nothingness and vacuity. Why, then, should we fear it or reckon with it? Let us fire life with appropriate courage! Since the sun smiles and the earth blossoms, and the birds build their nests, and the mother plays with her young, let us keep heart, remain men, and trustfully commit our destinies to Him who speeds the stars. Let us accentuate life and all that it com-

prehends, uplift men by inspiring them with confidence, and the battle is already fought. Reliance contains a life-power that is only now beginning to be understood; it is a compound of courage and vision. With its feet planted in the present it is also dowered with the future. While it treads the path of duty it shines with the imperishable. Let us offer reverence to trust—to the blade of grass piercing the sod, the farmer sowing his field, the spent life patiently repairing its losses and healing its wounds. Say to those weary with battle that the issue will be favorable, that love cannot fail nor peace die. Raise your eyes to the heights, recall the things that give you spirit, forsake the suffocating enclosure of self-deprecation.

What endures.

All that will last is that in you which is advancing and determined. Plant a tree, scatter grain, wipe away tears, heal wounds, lift up the voice in song. "Love the day and do not leave the sky out of your landscape." Woe is he who would close

one blue rift of man's heaven! Do not coerce, dogmatise, proselyte, nor argue. To dominate another's mind is an immoral act, it is worse than putting chains on the flesh. Make light, show the way, yield the delectation which the highest love always posesses. "Give us to awake with smiles, to labor smiling,—as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house for our habitation." Let us sometimes live for an hour, though we must lay all other things aside, —to make another happy. It is time to become little children again, to stand with open eyes, in wonder and trust, before the mysteries of the world.

The common day full of angels

If we accustom ourselves to view men and events in a divine atmosphere we shall see them most fully and truly. There is nothing more marvelous than what is called the commonplace. It differs only from the miraculous in that it is *continuously* miraculous. Every object is infinite in its possibilities; one event is as

remarkable as another, as valid a signature of divine care. It is the infrequent that we deem extraordinary, and for its simple infrequency. Within the Perfect Whole all things are equally precious and important. The slenderest link severed lets fall the whole burden; the common day is crowded with angels, its skies full of beatitudes.

Soul posture.

There is very much in the attitude, in the constant anticipation of the good which is as sure to come as seedtime and harvest. Expect to find the divine in common things and straightway every bush will flame with God. The soul posture is the main thing, the spirit with which we look out on life; then, let come what will, we remain in good heart and mind. If He is not love this moment, He never was, nor ever will be; if His peace is not filling us now, it is surely our fault. To escape God we must retreat to life's cellars and closets where His light cannot penetrate. Acquire knowledge, accept affection, stifle not the

child heart within you, keep the vision clear.

Companion the good.

If we are not openly receptive and companionable to all the good, evil will flow immediately in, as to a vacuum; where light is not, darkness must dwell. Malign influences are quick to preëmpt all unoccupied territory; and whatever is arid becomes a place of fatal influence. If the soul does not grow plants, weeds will rise in rank luxuriance from germs latent in the soil. Let us without equivocation call evil evil, remembering, however, that at the sources we are divine and beautiful. The freeman may choose to make himself outwardly a slave, but he is ever a freeman of the blood; the prince may repudiate his titles, but that does not nullify his inheritance. Man is man though in ruin, a son of God though he strive to be a beast. The beauty of the Lord God is upon him and the life of love glows deep within him like the spark at the heart of the seed, which even in its outward wreck

and decay springs up into newness of being.

Salute the ideal.

Let us sound the beauty of the good and its perpetual day. When the night is long and dark, look to the morning; when winter binds the earth in its winding-sheet, remember that the sun has just turned in its orbit and is bounding toward the spring. With our ear to the south we may hear the robin's first hymn under our window. Salute the ideal which is the coming actual! Live in that which shall be, and you will transform that which is; we become that ideal which we persistently entertain. We proclaim the perishable because our minds seize upon vanity, mistaking for the real that which is veneer and foam. When we realize the value of the deeper soul we shall strike the sacred spark from the very stones of the highway.

Gentleness, cheerfulness, confidence.

There should be an insurrection of the mind against all unfriendly powers! The deeper soul can never compromise with

anybody or anything; it must hold to the right as the needle to the north. Fear is wholly evil, grounded, as it must be, in the conception of a universe delivered over to anarchy and chance. In the face of present dangers and future perils the bird feeds its young, chants its loves from a wavering bough in the chill rain with a pathetic dumb trust in the Power that rules. Dismay and apprehension gather terrors kindred to themselves, augmenting their own unhappy state.

Be resolute.

Even if we are indisposed to hope, let us resolutely entertain it, setting our faces to the day, and in the fulness of time we shall see what we look for. Says Denner in "Felix Holt": "Well, Madame, put a good face on it, and don't seem to be on the lookout for crows, else you will set other people watching." Gentleness, cheerfulness, confidence,— these precede all morality, are the initial and indispensable virtues. If your creed is dreary, be sure it is not of God; His

light enlighteneth the world. Denial has no place in life, especially human life—its most persistent form.

Dare everything.

Life partakes of infinity, has an upward and inverse direction to that which is *not* life. On the plane of the spirit rules are often exactly the opposite from those of matter. Expense of love is economy—the more squandered, the more remains. In the life of the heart prodigality is thrift. Trust, and trust enlarges; hope, and hope widens to the perfect day. Opportunities of spirit are thick and importunate. It takes a great deal of time to eat, sleep, travel, make money; no time at all to salute those ideals that press to our doors like sunlight. Unfurl the sails to the winds; every flung banner of the spirit increases courage, every new ideal is a torch lighted at the altar of Heaven. The good thought braces us for action until, claiming it for our life, we are competent to face and conquer anything that may oppose us. We may even waylay Destiny, bidding her

stand and deliver. If we meet our task with gaiety and pluck, we shall fairly turn the tables on calamity. A man is not properly founded until he has dared everything. By forcing the body to certain expressions we may influence the heart to follow suit, and so, by coöperation of flesh and soul, induce spiritual conditions which would otherwise lie dormant. The spirit is moved by a sincere attitude of body. Self-compulsion is admissible, never the compulsion of others. By sincere and unflinching buoyancy we may become what at first was in the deep will only. Let us have no hollow simulation, but a full draught from the founts of gladness stored by the Creator in every human life.

The will to be happy.

The will to be happy is a frank recognition of our heirship, and our outer world will eventually respond to so brave a régime. Every fair motion of the soul, every testimony even tacitly borne to high conviction, contains a renovating power over the entire body. It holds an in-

destructible attribute, and its waves of transmutation widen until they break on the shores of the celestial. The first advance yields the strength of the new nature, and that, added to the old strength, furnishes a larger power for a larger advance, and so life accumulates in compound ratio. By the mere recognition of capacity we are borne out of the region of death and change and for the first time actually exist.

What conviction will do.

This is what a conviction and knowledge of our equipment will do for us. In these new zones of thought and life we do not age, but inversely return to the sweetness and strength of manhood. High thought will smooth out all the wrinkles of body and spirit, interpenetrating us with airs of immortality. He who concedes his worth is in much better condition morally than he who deprecates himself, for the obvious reason that he dwells in truth, and the high intuition of state gives him health and reason. When he has grasped the logic of

human dignity and destiny he is baptized again at the fountain of love and joy.

Unmounted heights.

There are resources within us upon which we have not yet drawn, and are as yet largely unknown to us. There are many corridors and apartments of the soul unexplored and to which we are strangers, heights of life to which we have not yet mounted. In truth, we only near the borderland of that country of ourselves wider than the oceans and profounder than the spaces. That we wear the attributes of the Infinite is proof enough of the truth of what has just been said. Let us, then, sedulously and with joy tend the temple fires of life, watching for the flame in the bosoms of those about us. We should let no opportunity for happiness escape us, nurturing within the purest germs of love. Happiness is inevitably linked with love and duty.

The soil from which light will spring.

If we have never felt the might of our covert goodness, nor caught glints of its secret loveliness, our life has slept till now; for the highest spirits have expressed in

deed only what all possess abundantly in heart, latent it may be, but there. The soil from which light will spring at the call of love is that of our common humanity. The difference between one landscape and another is comparatively slight, but there is a great difference in the beholders. The eye of Jesus saw in every wayfarer a child of the Omnipotent, and love finds royalty in the most ordinary breast. The dull and dreamy boy, left far in the wake of his class, may pass them all on another morrow. He has something in him that will shake itself from lethargy and run swiftly. There is a cheap and impertinent optimism that will not look unpalatable facts in the face; yet these facts, once frankly met, turn out angels in disguise. The truth, though garbed for the moment in shadow, outruns the most gifted fancy or the swiftest faith.

A full ray of reality.

What then will lift us out of the abyss is a moment of downright sincerity, a full ray of reality. We are timid and economical of a

dowry that is inexhaustible, fearful lest we drain heaven, and trembling to accept the full invitation of the Spirit. So it happens that our slumbering goodness rarely opes its eyes, its timorous feet pressing reluctantly the border-line of achievement. There is nothing abnormal in miracle, life is miracle, every moment of it, and the whole of it—eating, sleeping, breathing, are as inscrutable as the heavenly host.

Launch forth and sail!

It is curious to inquire what would happen in the world if the powers of the mind could take instant material shape. The mind immensely outruns any possibility of erecting its conception in outward structure and design. But if what genius beheld might that moment take form, as perhaps some day it will, what would happen is beyond the pen of this hour to depict. We should traverse interstellar spaces, upbuild architectures by new feats of fancy, and deck the earth with glory and beauty. We should heal the sick, correct the deformed, and exile sorrow. In the

dawning day of its power will not the mind of God in men do these things? Is not the ascendancy of thought near at hand, even at the doors? Let us launch forth and sail over the rim of yonder sea, and when another sea halts us sail over that, and on forever into the illimitable idea of life. No one can definitely measure the sway of a soul that strives to live in an atmosphere of beauty and is actively beautiful in itself. It is the *quality* of activity that makes life demoniac or divine.

The morning of certitude.

We should live as though we were ever at the morning of great and sacred certitude, for thither we inevitably tend. What we *are* impels us; the soul must not recoil on its own fresh forces! We should go forth feeling that we are master of all but the Almighty; as though all things were our servants, and this warranted assumption will carry us into the actuality. The largeness of the cup means much, for the waters are adequate. No day should be permitted to pass without drawing some

new circle about the old one, and so continuously widening existence. Let us lift our voices in the name of the beautiful, for we hasten its coming if we but pronounce its name, utter its music, display its features. The boldness of the hope men harbor today eclipses all former flights, and not an hour passes but the collective heart adds to its beauty and breadth. A tide of joy and power is breaking over humanity, vision is lengthening, we are awaking from the figment of materialism and can not say definitely what sweet surprises are at our gates. We believe, however, that they will arrive speedily, surpassing our bravest auguries.

Chapter IX

Oil in Our Lamps

One comes to value his plus health when he sees what difficulties vanish before it.—R. L. STEVENSON.

Health, power, and joy.

THE arcanum of health, power, and joy is the consummate interplay of each part with every other part. When we are so exquisitely adjusted that we are not conscious of distinct faculties, conscious only of a happy and whole life, we have come near to the divine intent. Any reminder from definite departments of ourselves, a pain or even a local ecstasy, indicates a break in the perfect balance. The bird's song is a unit with its body, it sings to the feathers and feet, knows only that it exists, and that existence is gladness. And so it happens that the cricket chirping under the leaf is happier than many a man. When we are divinely well every atom of us is

poised to a clear design; every tissue and nerve lives for a definite end which is the end of all. Health in the sense of an absolute blending of the varied personality, so that it makes one music, is today practically unknown. The distinct consciousness of the parts of the body or soul indicates some loss of balance and is a merciful provision; it is as if the loom stopped when a thread broke. Goethe says that everything we undertake to produce, whether by action, word, or whatever way, ought to spring from a union of all the faculties. It takes the balanced man to produce thus,—and such work alone is of the highest significance. Only when the concert is so true that not one power lags or weakens are we thoroughly equipped for the priceless art of living.

Resistance to disease.

Doctor Mazzoni, the attending physician of the late Leo XIII, said of his distinguished patient: "It has always been said of Pope Leo that he has shown powers of extraordinary resist-

ance to diseases of the constitution, which is true; but he also, which is little known, enjoys the harmony of all his organs and of his physical, moral, and intellectual qualities, which is the real cause of his great resistance to diseases." These are the traits of a royal figure, of a nature Olympian, profound, complete, and wherever they are seen they compel gratitude and admiration.

Ecstasy normal.

Some one has said that in the finality ecstasy will be found to be normal; which must be true, for the purest harmony is but perfect health, and surely perfect health should be the regular condition of all God's creatures. When severe pain is suddenly stilled into the common state of being, the sensation may be described as ecstasy, though it is normal life; and a taste of the real quality of the life that God intends us always to enjoy, contrasted with what we feel in our degenerate condition, would be like the sweetest music of the body. Not that rapt and anomalous use of the

word which borders upon "delirium," but just ineffable peace of health. He who strung the human lyre keyed its chords to His own music. The strident thing we call man is not as God sent him forth from the laboratory, symmetrical and sweet as the first morning of the world.

Echoes of the heart.

In weariness and discouragement music calls back the pure tones of the deeper life. This is why it is the universal language, appealing with inexpressible authority to every race and soul. It would be impossible to have a heaven for other than well people, for heaven must be the place of absolute soundness; and with health of body and soul any place is heavenly. To such, nature whispers her fair secrets. Said Mencius, "Nourish your vigor correctly, do it no injury, and it will fill up the vacancy between earth and heaven." So wonderful is man in himself, so capable of power and gladness, that if he once knew his capacity mere outward emolument and the sport of the

senses would become insignificant; he would live in a rapture so deep and congenial that it would not concern him if the material universe dissolved like snow. There is no peace without order, no joy but that of an individuality tuned to its entire surroundings, including the invisible. Are we in order? Alas, no! When in a rare moment we approach it, we seem to take flight into Paradise. We have heard now and then a melody too perfect for anything but silence, when the soul lay close to eternity and God. How few full, fruitful, gentle lives there are! All too few!

The new note hygienic.

The note of the new day is hygienic. More and more frequently we meet happy, hopeful natures, eager for sound bodies and pleasant thoughts. There is a renaissance of human nature; the housed race is getting out under the sky and oxygenating the system. We are realizing that if we are ill, incompetent, and distressed, it is because our life-forces are suppressed; some golden key is mute, some chord

broken, congestion or depletion in some part of the being. The heart is looking homeward with wistful gaze. Living should be identical with growth in every part, with daily progress in all that makes us more the souls we were meant to be. We should tell ourselves once and for all that it is our single vocation to become complete, independent, as great and happy as lies within us, a state immeasurable and sweet. To complain of destiny is only confessing that we have failed to realize our proffered life.

Joy the test.

Our joy is the test of our progress, for it is the precise measure of the hospitality we have offered to the beautiful things of the Spirit. If we are not happy, it must be that we have not summoned the precious qualities of the life to the front. When we are well we pant for development, for the adult life of the spirit free and strong. In youth we feel incomplete, a tangle of possibility, an undiscovered country; in manhood we are the adventurer, still with much bewilder-

ment but wider horizons and bigger hopes, an illimitable way before us stretching to the mountains; in age we know we are but an embryo angel in the womb of time, about to awake. All life is the education of the soul, and the world is the school.

Growing and conquering.

A synthetic life is effective because it is gathered and fired to a purpose, has irresistible momentum; it is varied and beautiful as nature, but, like the great round globe, holds steadily to an orbit and goal. It grows and conquers, has infinite resistance. A cylinder of glass can withstand the shock of the whole sea if it is filled with the same element; where there is omnipotence in the stroke there is omnipotence in the recoil. If we are God's we have His power within us to act and to withstand. "I am the Light of the world, ye are the light of the world." "Greater things than these shall ye do." Panoplied in spirit, the very senses impregnated with God, we are no more liable to disease or failure than sunbeams. A soul quick

with Life carries a power that is omnipotent, for it has Omnipotence behind it; it changes the very climate around it, the winds are tempered, the orbs glow with a more kindly light because it lives. On a clear morning one exults in light and air, as tonics to the frame, while another dwelling amid the same beauty seems to inhale miasms or the damp of caves. The grand creation is to us what our quality is, and we dissolve the world and society in our being, assimilating them to our state.

Power of a beautiful soul.

Mirabeau says, "Why should we feel ourselves to be men unless it is to succeed in everything and everywhere?" There are but few who can withstand the dominion of the soul that has suffered itself to become beautiful. It is as impossible to subordinate soul-power as hunger or the love of women. To extinguish it is to put out individuality itself. Love and Beauty! are they not of the heart of the Infinite, undying, adorable? The warm, pure atmosphere yields its inspira-

tions gratuitously; if we would we can not lift the will against the delicious inflow. Genuine power is not only strong, it is so gracefully, delicately as roses in May; it transforms without constraint. It rolls back sorrow with the brave gentleness of the dawn. It even makes the beauty of beauty; for the faultless outline without soul is naught. What makes man manly and woman womanly is indefinable, inurned, a possession and an influence. Says George Eliot, "It is pleasant to see some people turn around—pleasant as a sudden rush of warm air in winter, or the flash of firelight in the chill dusk."

Grace a matter of growth.

Grace is wrought up in our nature through processes of growth, like the hue and incense of the pink. There can be no imposed grace cast about us as a mantle; it must be an essential of the life, and of every part of life, learned not at school, nor won by any mental gymnastic. The normal man has in him the radiance of his youth carried onward to age; as the light

of long-past mornings is stored in the ripe apricot, so the sunshine and grass of the old farm live in him, blessing the hour that now is. Peace is not the resultant of winged events or happy circumstance; it is so vital a part of us that it can hardly be called a possession, but *us* in the same real way that quality is a part of the peach. One laughs at the storm, is regaled by its fury, while another trembles; the gale accommodating itself to the spirit's ascendency, another Elijah and another Horeb. Our gladness or gloom arises from us as an incense of what we have been from birth to this hour. We make body and breath as the hickory makes its wood through the years of its growth. The cells of the human edifice are built one by one as we live, and are like the comb of the bee, surcharged with our quality.

The unbidden vision.

Therefore the alchemy within us taking place moment by moment, is vital as an unalterable and undying possession. To be sure, the spirit is more mutable than

the wood of the tree, but not less staunch. There is a class who live from within, owners of what they reveal; others there are who live from without, displaying borrowed gifts, their interiors overlaid with artifice, their virtues the mantle of another. Dowered with the infinite, we stand in no need of fortune or friends, having all resources within the soul. Fling open the life to the glory and gladness of the day! The vision comes unbidden to the pure and prophetic soul housed in a clean and chaste body. Fed from within it casts a candid lustre over life.

Power of purpose.

Power is insured where every detail is poised and directed to its purpose, where strength is not wasted by want of centrality. Unity gives tendency and victory in advance; it has a straight aggressive quality that nothing can withstand. The test is right here—if we do not make life straightforward and victorious, we had better not have been born. Success finds force in the conviction that we are here for

a purpose and have the ability to attain it. It must be so! As God has planted the oak at the heart of the acorn he has laid deep within man the substance of the angel. Incipient love and power in the architecture of man are grounded in an environment that will mould and influence the whole nature to the same great end, yielding gladness, uplifting the life, illuminating the thought.

Life rekindles life.

Only he who is whole and balanced can impart it, and then, by a pervading, unseen influence, as an aureole, felt, near at hand, but invisible, a blessed contagion seizing upon all who come within its circle. Health and courage propagate themselves everywhere, restoring to the same condition without wasting their store. Life rekindles life; the flaming wick can ignite a thousand dark torches. What others claim from us is not our darkness but our light, not our hunger and thirst but our bread and gourd. One hopeful face will kindle others, one strong heart will set others beat-

ing with firmer and lighter stroke; the glow of one orator will stir the souls of hundreds as one. Our friends surely have a right to demand that our conversation and deeds be based in the heart; with the identical right they have to ask that we play not the hypocrite or sycophant. Let us have oil in our lamps! A deed of kindness, a word of promise or of truth, should be the incense of an inner holiness and gladness, should carry the atmosphere of peaceful years on the sunniest heights of the soul.

Ending in joy.

There are lives which begin in sadness and end in joy. The tree starts in the deep, dark soil, perhaps with a rock upon its head, earnestly working its way upward to the light and air and downward to the heart of the world. Suddenly it sees a rift of radiance above, and with a song sends its shaft skyward. Some lives fight with time, doubts, and physical hindrances until the forties, when they become, as it were, based, and start on a joyous

period of ascent. A plant can do little until it has got firmly rooted. Built from within outward, and claiming the full resources of the Spirit, grounded below and with clear vision, the upward way is at last easy. Cherish the sources of life! See that you fling not away the oil of your lamp, lest haply in after time you stand before a closed door at midnight. Let your contribution be a light whose unconscious shining enlighteneth the world!

Look well to the flesh.

We should look well to the flesh. "Heart and Will are great things, but, after all, we carry a barrowful of clay about with us, and we must carry it a little carefully if we mean to keep to the path and not run zigzag into the border of the garden." We can not work in the air, nor use the lever of the spirit without an earthly fulcrum. The body gives the soul purchase and support, is as necessary as the oil and wick to the flame. There have been those who have performed miracles of labor with a body like wax and tissue, and an all-

conquering, regal will that has spurred the body far beyond its normal powers. For such life is brief, burning rapidly and brightly. Geniuses have wrought without appropriate tools, have struck angels from the rocks with common picks, have painted prodigies with their fingers. Michelangelo went into his own garden and dug from the soil pigment that today immortalizes the Vatican walls. There are spirits held even to old age in common, fragile clay whose white light causes them to glow like crystal. Childhood leaps and dances in them and they seem even physically to skip upon the hills of life. Their infirm mansions are steadfastly held by the spirit. Ruins they are, which rise into masterful architecture when the inhabitant awakes.

Wings or weights.

The rule is, however, that for performance of great mark we need extraordinary health, that the body will act as wings or weights according to its condition. If Beethoven could play divinely on an old harpsichord, what could he have done with

the modern piano or grand organ? If some work miracles with weakly bodies, what could they accomplish with sound health? It makes a great deal of difference whether we have red blood in our arteries. Some whirl with the whirling world, others stand by as cold and silent spectators. There is no virtue in inertia and cold, it can only communicate its own misery, but health is native and vigorous, joined as it is to the springs of sustaining power. It floods all its banks, filling the estuaries of other lives; it scouts difficulties and reforms shattered hopes, as Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley turned cowards into men. We are more and more coming to value the soul that is established in robust and pure flesh. If man is to do his best, he must have the basic condition, a body which is a safe anchorage to brain and heart.

Reaction of body and spirit.

A depraved spirit depraves the flesh and ultimately breaks its fibre. On the other hand, a miserable body has a dispiriting

effect, like that of a strident and broken instrument on the ear of the musician. It is said that when Mozart was an infant a discord struck on the piano would throw him into spasms. Body and soul react upon each other and play into each other's hands; at last they stand or fall together; they lift or pull each other to common ground. In the finality there has to be equilibrium, a settled and permanent equation. This rule holds at last in all the universe, and some kind of balance is ultimately reached. Man is so various a unit that any minute jar makes the whole structure tremble. A smallest star swerving infinitesimally from its path disorders the whole universe; a malign thought will infect the very blood and skin of the body, and distort the curves of the features. We recall how in our childhood days some blank discontented face on the background of our life marred our summer mornings, and we have since wondered why it was that when the blue arch of the

sky stooped to kiss the world, and the fields were gay with songs and flowers, that there was somebody who found it hard to smile, why a sombre spirit behind a certain face drove storm-clouds across its heaven-born surface.

Be a great heart!

Oh, to be a great heart! a rampart, as the Greeks expressed it, that cannot be shaken, a strong place of refuge and peace! Economy is wastefulness in the domain of love, staunching the milk of kindness and leaving the udders dry. The rule is spend—spend! Let the heart of the race flow like the rivers for a single day and a revolution of love would become operative. We sometimes forget that love is of God, immeasurable, omnipotent; that the profundities are linked to the commonest soul; as if we were to attach our lawn hose to the rivers of the round world. Those who are willing to give love place and power in themselves become striking figures in society, and "though they sleep, purify the air." There will dawn ere long on our

codes of life a nobler morning when the soul will have healing in its wings. At present we are like dumb brutes, all unconscious of ourselves. It is said that Jesus awoke to His Divinity on a wonderful day in the dark wilderness of Jeshimon and, emerging, passed into Galilee like the Conqueror from Edom, "swinging to and fro in the greatness of His strength." Some of us have not yet learned that the heart altering alters all, that the world is a place of echo returning thought and life. The good heart has new visions, discovering angel-faces in hitherto vacant sepulchres. What common scene can be commonplace to the eye filled with serene light clarifying all things with its own purity?

They conquer who believe.

Courage is the bloom of vision putting a new face on man and the universe. A glimpse of the mountains causes the heart to leap to its feet and sing. They conquer who believe! Great epochs of belief have been sparing of words and prodigal of acts; words were not rich enough to express

their faith, and it went forth in deeds of love and joy; the life spoke in an irresistible, inaudible tongue. The lofty and clear idea gives gladness for gloom, vigor for weakness, a happy, enlightening acceptance of destiny for hostile submission. If we could comprehend the glory and purpose of our lives we should never sorrow nor sin again; we should be lifted to a zone so pure that nothing low or despairing could live in it. We journey through brief shadow into the everlasting, momentary glimpses of which we get as light through the embrasures of divine souls about us, seen by many faintly and as from afar.

Heaven within us.

Yet heaven is within even us! Let us assume it! summon it forth! that it may cheer our way! A low and hopeless spirit puts out the eyes and weakens courage. Skepticism is so deadly that it has the effect of a virus, neutralizing being and ending in moral suicide. An unbelieving heart will breed plagues in the

very bone and marrow of the body. A philosophy of pessimism drags the soul from its moorings, leaving it the sport of tempests, but the blood tingles in the tonic atmosphere of trust. There is always life for the living; what man has done man can do, and greater things than these. What he can *dream* of, he can do; for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

Chapter X

Vision and Patience

The long look of the soul into the beyond is not possible at all times, or with all men.—AMIEL.

The only way to gain the sunlit heights is by patiently climbing shoulder after shoulder of the mountainside.—JEFFERIES.

Tangles proper threads.

WHEN we learn that incongruity and mistake are but the raw, unfinished product receiving treatment, that even the tangles are proper threads pulled through the meshes of the life's fabric, conglomerate, undressed, not yet domesticated in the cloth of beauty, we shall have patience and peace. We shall have discovered love and reason in our hitherto jumbled career, a clear plan beneath the mass slowly assuming symmetry and attractiveness. Creation is not yet finished, it has yet to take on grace and foliage. The blare of mixed tones, so unlike music,

is a very rational preparation for life's symphony; the varied instruments must find a common key. Rare strains occasionally transcend the general mêlée, infrequent chords of glory thrill the soul, but the music is to come, and we await it with expectant joy; we know well what the strange preliminary indicates and heralds, that it is right and necessary, and are undisturbed by what would otherwise be unbearable. The present at its worst is good, and a part of the great Order. Every bubble on the tide, every whirlpool, eddy, and abyss, is a legitimate feature of the flood sweeping triumphantly to the ocean.

Victory of love.

Countless experiences, dark and fair, will be gathered into the ultimate we have named heaven. We believe in the Spirit beyond measure, in the final defeat of evil and the victory of love; in brief, we believe in heaven and cannot help it—as the thirsty and hungry believe in water and bread. Every atom of us calls for that which will reasonably fulfil the existence

God has given us, yielding refreshment and content. We believe also in earth; we enthusiastically and profoundly believe in ourselves. "Not tomorrow," we cry, "but this moment give me sunshine, let me live a full-orbed soul today. Now is eternity, now I am in the midst of immortality, this moment the supernal enspheres me."

We shall be heard.

And our appeal will be heard! Each year of the child's life is as brimming with childlike joys as that year can hold; but the hastening years will contain larger capacity, sweeter flavor, more sacred and complex rapture. The seasons of eternity will be crowded with their own timely experiences and transports, the spirit will traverse boundaries that will be but thresholds of still nobler advances. Life will appear finished all the way,—as the palm in its vigorous maturity, perfect in form and strength, is still growing in every twig. Perfect for the hour, we shall be forever taking uniform steps toward a more and more complete harmony. We

can not think of ourselves as finished in the sense of a pause,—as an overture ceases when the manuals of the great organ are pushed in and there is silence.

Peace of affirmation.

This affirmation fully grasped brings vision and patience, because an understanding of life as it is and ever will be. The mystery remains clear as a star in the sky, or creation viewed from an orb without scrutiny of detail; clear as a continent to the explorer, though he may not have crept through all its jungles or paddled up all its tributary streams; clear as a flower sentineled on the rim of a glacier, and as pure and fragrant. A rose is fathomless in its mystery, but how unperplexing! Mystery is a legitimate ingredient of reality. How existent is the mother to the child, how potential to its little mind and heart! what a veritable and enchanting fact the orbed and veined breast whence it lives and the warm arms that hold its tiny form! and yet what a fathomless mystery is a mother to her child and how little it com-

prehends of her wonderful being! It can not grasp the most elemental facts of her body, much less those of her mind and spirit. Mystery is an inseparable consort of reality. While no one can define life, nor bridge the gulf that severs materiality from thought, how sweetly real life is, how dear and domestic to him who has sane and sacred relations with it, who rests in its care and draws aliment from its breasts! There are innumerable secrets crowding the common day in which we live without fear or distrust. This idea is now interesting reflecting minds, and while respect for science has not diminished, respect for man, for the invisible and incomprehensible reality, has increased.

Exile of doubt.

The exile of doubt and dawn of gladness belong with the new vision. We know life now as never before, we are almost domesticated in the universe, whereas but a brief yesterday ago we were strangers to the next continent. We now analyze the universe as though it were a flower, or a dew-

drop, and think of it with the same simplicity and unity—as a larger bloom on the stem of life. Its mystery we fathom with our faith, and physically we can bound, weigh, and resolve it into chemical parts. The wide encompassment is no longer chaotic, we no longer clothe it with superstition, and what the mind fails to grasp the heart trusts. The divine plan once clear we, and all things, are disposed in their places and the problems are solved.

Where happiness is found.

Happiness is discovered in the final truth as to the aim and government of the universe; we cannot be happy so long as we do not know what God is doing with us. We meet people all joy from this wedlock of truth and trust; life has become to them at once clear and fathomless. It seems paradoxical, but there is a condition where the reason is satisfied and the heart's demand for mystery granted; where we have caught the totality of nature, learned her ways, breathed her spirit and heard her melodious heart beating beneath the scores.

Vision and Patience

Every soul looking ardently into life must sooner or later see God; the clear gaze is not possible always, nor to all, but he who can give it will be satisfied. We are incurably divine, apprehensive of new and sweet surprises, aglow with everlasting hope and fundamentally prophetic because we have God's mind and think His thoughts after Him. The love of perfection is the guarantee of its coming, for He who gave the love did so that He might have the pleasure of conferring it; it is God putting questions to our hearts. We believe in goodness and we know the good must prevail; deep within our oft despairing and vacillating exterior is a child hidden, a frank, sweet, trusting thing that holds desperately to the ideal—to love, holiness, and God. A whole millennium of idyls sleeps in our hearts and we can not turn skeptic if we would; we aspire with the plant that instinctively turns to the light and we rise by irrepressible intuitions. If music exalts, it is because music is har-

The clear gaze.

mony and harmony is our dream. In bitterness, selfishness, and misery we pant for peace, for adoration and love without end; not so much for the infinite in it, as for the beautiful and the good.

Hail the better vision.

Let us hail the brief moments of better vision, the noontide times of faith, as a foregleam of that which is to become the customary condition. Peace is not a mere dream, for peace must one day have universal sway; it will be the upland where we shall permanently encamp. The believer not only knows heaven possible, but sees it already germinating in men and women glorified, raised above evil and incongruity by the power of divine principles. Leibnitz says that heaven will be the moral order of the total universe and will include all men, not Christians alone, who have realized their inheritance. It will be creation's blossom and balm, society sublimated and redeemed. The hallowed order will everywhere ultimately prevail and victory bear the banners of the Lord. It is not

necessary for us to become geniuses to attain heaven, but simply to sound our true note in the universal concert of the love of God, to represent the divine thought at least as faithfully as a flower or a solar system; in brief, to be what we ought to be, a simple expression of love, wisdom, and beauty. Says Madame de Staël: "The only type which pleases me is perfection—man, in short, the ideal man. I can only admire the fine specimens of the race, the great men, the geniuses, the lofty characters and noble souls." The feeling of this brilliant woman is common to us all, it is the prophetic spirit claiming its own.

Chosen souls.

Heaven must be composed of the chosen souls which we hope will eventually include *all* souls; we cannot help believing in the predestination of conformity of man to the likeness of God. Could He who sees the end from the beginning launch beings on a stream that would eventually carry them to destruction? Has He made misfits in his

worlds? If the annihilation of a cricket or a pebble would mar the architecture of Love, what of the loss of a man, even the most obscure and insignificant? The chink of mortar in the sub-cellar or the pin in the rafter is as pertinent to the edifice as the cornerstone or the façade; without you in your place the divine fabric falls.

Ultimate society.

The ultimate society must be a democracy of unified and perfected souls; as in music where all concur to one end, and each has the joy of contributing to that by which he himself is ravished and uplifted to the courts of Love. "Then it is easy to conclude that the totality of all spirits must compose the City of God, that is to say, the City of God, this truly universal monarchy, is a moral world in the natural world, and is the most exalted and most divine among the works of God." It is the sovereignty of a grace that is always mistress of itself. Peace is found only in reconciliation with destiny,—that is to say, when we feel ourselves directly in the presence of God.

That we are on the road, and not yet arrived, is indicated by almost universal lack of balance. So long as we are conscious of a body, or any part of a body, we are not in absolute form, the rhythm is untrue. We ought to feel only a delicious unity, the sense of existence as a whole, without the intrusion of particular organs and attributes. Can we not recall the unsullied ecstasy of childhood when we knew we lived, that living was bliss, and all else oblivion? So long as we are self-analytical and introspective, solicitous of pain or responsibility, we are off the poise. When we touch our surroundings with such delicacy that we do not realize the contact, we are in the true relation, the infinitely soft, oblivious relation of the brain with the skull, or, finer still, of flesh with spirit. The material body should not rub or gall the soul; the soul should sit loosely in the saddle and with the ease of perfect occupation.

Not yet arrived.

When we meet society and the world

Impress of peace.

with the impress of peace, self is as truly there, but adjusted to the situation, and is as the clear-toned choir in which no single voice is evident and where the participant can not hear himself unless he utters a false note. Real music blends so exquisitely that it is as a single golden bell struck at midnight. The music of the spheres or the many-cadenced song of the high summer day has the sweetness of a single comprehensive note. When we are right we are a unit, an aggregate sphere of influence, a pure existence. "When a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn"; there will be an added depth and richness that will instantly manifest itself.

Struggle and haste.

Struggle and haste are destructive of peace. The verdure arises not from self-effort, but from the calm pressure of its under life. The sea into which the rivers are pouring finds its level buoyantly and gracefully because it cannot help it, like the

rising sun that is really falling into the outstretched arms of the auras. Harassed by fears, driven by duty, disquieted by subtle influences of sin and sickness, how rare is repose, and how difficult to realize that it should be the common condition of life! The permanent felicity which we call eternal life is only the life of man in the divine health of every part, and is not only accessible to all, but equally natural to all. We lie open to the beauty of heaven and inhale it as our native air. Let us aim to become all that we may be, to fulfil the highest human promise! It is our privilege to offer to our life all that can be offered to the life of man. Let us accept every lawful experience, for we had better leave behind work unfinished, fortune and position unmade, than life itself incomplete, so far as earth can make it.

Our attitude.

Life transcends all circumvention and takes surprising, beautiful steps. Every leaf is inimitable, and when God meets us it is in unexpected places. "I stand amid

the eternal ways and what is mine shall know my face"; the grasses wait for nature's shears and brush. We shall meet Him in highway or closet if we are prepared; go where we will, we shall find just so much beauty as we carry within us, and shall find that even in hell. There is a heart chemistry by which all things are changed into our quality and we are defended by a sphere of character, as the air of the globe fuses and dissipates meteoric artillery fired from the interstellar spaces.

Our vindication.

Our vindication is in our *attitude* toward life. The palace band in the Garden seeking Jesus were smitten to earth by the grace of His countenance, and the effulgence at the sepulchre prostrated the guards, who arose and fled from the place; on the other hand, He drew to Him with the magnetism of love harlots and wretches who were changed by His glory. The soul's motions are instantaneous and entire; the good deed immediately ennobling the doer, so that the metamorphosis is visible to

others, the very tissues of the flesh being involved.

Submission to God, to the divine Potentiality, is not defeat but the victory of loyalty to the code of being, the realization of the better self, the consummation offered to every life, and without which none can truly live. Success in life is to give the hallowed principles of being play and work. Said Hafiz, "To the unsound no heavenly knowledge enters." It is only by self-consummation that we build the man. It is coming to the world to see that the gift of God to the soul is not a vaulting and exclusive sanctity, but simple goodness, the dear essential of the heart, the fraternal loves that compose the staple of everyday living. Reception of the life that belongs to us, and the manner of that reception, unravels the riddle of creation. Says Leibnitz: "In that City not only does no good action fail to bring its due fulfilment,—but every one is happy in proportion to his fulness of life.

Submission to God.

And even before the day when his fulness of life arrives the love of God enables him to enjoy a foretaste of his coming happiness." Is not all joy largely anticipation, a leaping forward of the heart, sequestration of bliss by the gift of faith? Heaven is the condition of rounded, perfected powers, for "without holiness [wholeness] no man shall see the Lord."

No full stops.

We must accept the graduated ascent common to all things that live. There are no full stops, but an utterance in series rising higher and ever higher. Attainment is limitless, but slow-paced and finely shaded as the morning light approaching noontide. Every hope, however bright, is upon the brink of its promise, for hope never spreads her wings but on unfathomable seas. Forever it will be said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." As we live on we discover life's complexity, its deeps beneath deeps, the substance of the growing soul. With increasing capacity it strikes grander chords, until

present experiences, as compared with former, have no aptness of contrast. Our Lord is the typical instance: first the peasant lad playing in the streets of Nazareth, subject to his parents, the exquisite joy of a pure spirit in the presence of nature; at last reaching a capacity such that even the cross striking full on His soul evoked only deeper harmony which a few days later shone in the beauty and power of His epiphanies. "The child grew and waxed strong in spirit and the grace of God was upon Him."

Building our mansion.

Like the Master, every spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world, and beyond its world a heaven. As we conform our lives to the purest ideals, those ideals widen and sublimate, amplifying the soul, concurrent breadth and sweetness attending the influx of the Spirit. As the outer perishes the inner is renewed, and we behold not merely the continued existence of the self, the bare fact of immortality, but life illimitable, accomplished as on a

grand stairway, and one step at a time,—the dream of Jacob eternalized in the spiritual order. Everything climbs, and these angels were the final flowering of the work of God bridging the gulf; even God in the flesh took this inevitable way. The fossil strata show us nature beginning with rudimental forms and rising to finer divergencies as the earth grew ready for their reception.

Life's gathering momentum.

We forget this now, when life is taking mightier strides under the influence of its gathering momentum and seems to strike continually the noontide hour; but it is as true as it ever was that it takes time for a tree to grow. If this stubborn fact seems to some the remnant of an old barbarism, it is because life is at this moment putting forth a cluster of flowers. There is actually no change, and heaven is reached by the good old route that our fathers traversed in weariness and hope. To-day we cannot get a red cedar sooner than the earth and air will grow one, and we are

told that some of them in the Mariposa groves were in their prime when the Wise Men of the East were seeking the cradle of the Saviour. The soil and the skies take the fine old paths they have trodden from the beginning.

Work and live, work and live, and all at once the advancing soul seems to have forged for itself a new condition, which will in due time yield to another, and so forever. It must be that there are tutelary angels who pale in the presence of elder and more glorious beings who have long ascended in the way. Are there not beckoning spirits on every promontory of life? The ancient method of mountain climbing by putting the soil beneath the feet still holds. "The battle goes on,—ill or well is a trifle,—so that it goes." To sanctify human nature by bringing it gradually under the control of the angel within us is the entire problem. Our work consists in facing, subduing, evangelizing, and angelizing the life that now is, restoring it to its

Work and live!

former beauty. This must come or existence cease, for a suppression of growth involves that of life. Ultimately we cannot be other than ourselves nor realize another nature than our own; if a clover then a clover, if a pine then a pine,—but always itself; He who cradled the lily in the seed will see that its individual beauty obtains. I do not know that we can hinder our development if we would, for the Divine ways are so marvelous in counter-effects. Peace frequently comes through cataclysm, and the kind storm drives the ship to harbor; the redemptive plan is past solution. If it is the will of God that the good shall prevail, who can obstruct it?

Difficulty and peace.

As the plant fights its way through the soil of early spring and stands serene amid the glory of summer days; as the tree struggles down and up until it is so firmly anchored in the earth and air that the tornado blast only regales it,—so human difficulty will come at last to peace and abounding strength. The prophetic

glimpses of today will become the routine of tomorrow. To the youth life is not always the optional, thrice-happy thing we older people fancy; we forget our own past. It is often raw, uncertain, beset with defeats and doubts, like the sweet spring bursting its pods amid pangs of renewal. It takes time for the liquor of life to clear and gather relish.

The second Eden.

This is why a career of spiritual advance blossoms into such rare beauty towards the end; passing all the turnstiles of strife, it finds the place of tranquil growth. After a host of obstacles have been overcome, and the gifts of achievement and vision have awaked, the later years should be free and joyous. After long use the hand and soul work together fraternally and almost unconsciously; the novitiate condition should pass into the ease of facility. Ebb of physical vigor, and ripening spirit should give us a more settled faith in the kindness of the universe and the wisdom of our

veiled God. The innocence and bliss of youth should be carried over into age uniting the simplicity and freshness of the first period with the wisdom of the last,—the second Eden of the soul. A momentary shadow seems to fall athwart the heart of the poet when he sings,

> "Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower."

It is quickly dissipated, however, by returning faith in the youth of the immortal life. The genuine life continually increases in depth, freshness, and hue, and is better farther on, as college is better than the witless innocence of the primary school; if we are the ever-widening channels through which heaven flows, it must be so. Not the joy of the stormless morning, but the deep, golden glow of advanced day and the triumph of the spirit. It is then that we come so near to God that the angels possess us, and our peace is like the resting ocean which

mirrors the sky and is master of its own profundities. We are at last in Swedenborg's beautiful countries of the Age of Gold where the air permits not a falsehood to leave the lips.

Chapter XI

Thoughts That Find Us Young

Thought of Him always finds us young, touches the eternal sources that transcend years,—touches the ageless note in us.—AMIEL.

We are happy when we have connection with the Divine. How one thought warms, invigorates, and another deadens and depresses.—MAETERLINCK.

Of course, when we think, happiness can be nothing else than drinking of the fount of life, health, joy, wisdom, love. How shall we do it?—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The simple problem.

LIFE everywhere begets kindred life; therefore, if the rose is well, the sky pure, and the cedar sound, why not men of the same divine ancestry? We should be wholesome and happy as these if we were not polluting the stream. The Infinite, flowing unimpeded into all things, communicates Himself as light communicates color to the flower and bow. To live from

God is to live from life, beauty, exuberance, and in normal ecstasy. The discordant and joyless condition indicates absence of it, inducing spiritual chill and vertigo. Beauty and strength are as inseparable from pure living as the day and the sun. Here is the simple problem stripped of metaphysics and theological formula—to become the clear channel of God's life is all there is of it. We are as fundamentally open to Deity as the spread disc of the water-lily to the influences of the sky, and all wide-flung souls exhibit the grace and vigor of Nature herself. Life proceeds from within outward, building its mansion with noiseless, invisible mechanism, weaving its tissue like the leaves in spring; but we are attempting to cast beauty and joy about us as the leper covers his spots with costly vesture.

See that you are pure within.

See that you are pure within, and the detail of life will become an appropriate accompaniment, as the song is an articulation of the soul. Where there is health and gladness is also the spirit of the Lord.

There is but one life distinctly human, and if we do not have it, we can not be said to live at all. Only in admitting life and uttering it in the attributes of health and gladness are we truly human creatures, otherwise we repudiate our nature. God in man is humanity; inhumanity is reversion from the original type and from nature. This is why prayer, truth, and love stir native chords of the spirit, they are the impress of human life, the communication of that which must ever belong to happiness; why goodness is so sufficient and dear to all who possess it, and why "heaven" expresses more exactly than any other word the whole hope of men.

Truly religious, truly human.

The truly religious life is a truly human life; it is not wisdom, love, beauty, power; but all of these at once and each entirely. The world is not painted, nor adorned, but is from the beginning extemporaneous; and God has not made some things beautiful, for everything He touches shares His grace. Unless there

is resistance, all the works of His hand wear the bloom of His heart. If we have discovered any symmetry and charm in ourselves, we have to that extent discovered God, and thus far live from Him.

Instigator of all beauty.

In the past men have relegated the Lord to bodies of divinity and temples made with hands, exiling Him from the field and fireside, from the life we have named secular; but now we are realizing that He is not only the inspiration of religious feeling, but also of music, art, mathematics, and industrialism, the instigator of all beauty and use, and in seeking these we are seeking God as honestly as in prayer. The poet, artist, and musician have not been canonized with the saints of the church, but, nevertheless, they have sought Him in the sublimest manner. They have not been true inventors or creators, for beauty was in the heart of God before humanity was born; they have been seekers after beauty, listeners to a melody descended from above, be-

holders of the divine in wind, star, flower, and human form.

Unremitting entrance of the spirit.

As we can find breath only in the air, or quench thirst with water, so can we live only from God—which is a matter of the purest science, more exact than geometry. Another method of life-getting would be as futile as attempting to breathe in a vacuum or raise roses by the influence of incandescent illumination. After the subtlest analysis of mental processes we have to admit that our highest thoughts and noblest impulses are all given us. Only by unremitting entrance of the Spirit can we be renewed and sustained; intercept the current, and life vanishes like sunbeams on the wall when a cloud intervenes. Only by instant and unbroken invasion of the Power which pushes the forests skyward can we win symmetry and usefulness. Prayer is our vital breath, and the very universe is impregnated with worship; every object of nature is intensely moral because the work of God. Every

bird, flower, and orb exhibits dumbly the traits of adoring love; it is Life passing into them and finding its own expression. We do not possess Life, we inurn it, and the vessel takes the similitude of that which it holds.

The dawn of new forces.

Why do some thoughts always find us young and keep us so—such, for instance, as the universal and eternal beauty? Because they are echoes and glints of our deeper selves, things that transcend the years and speak from the ageless and perennial. Like the earth, we lie open to the sky, but some of us can not yet meet the gaze of the unclouded day; and when at last we can, all things will be cast behind us in our insatiable thirst for the vision. The age is this moment shaking itself loose from the phantom of materialism with the freshness and power of the spring-tide, and we may look for wonderful happenings. Divine revelation is taking the form of material invention, and the mind of God is finding, through men, physical avenues of

expression. In the full time it will rise into the psychic and moral. A grand spiritual epoch is immediately upon us and we are at the dawn of new forces and times. A few prescient spirits are up to watch the brightening east, and soon the whole world will awake with gladness and faith. "Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh!"

The private message.

Heaven-born, we can not breathe the atmosphere of the sensuous; the life that lives at all lives in Him, and so living becomes an auditory nerve of the Eternal. He seems to whisper a private message in some ears which is actually as public as though it were shouted to the universe; the deniers are only saying that they are deaf. He tells the listening heart that it is known, loved, and defended; His consolations are as ecumenical as the bars of great melodies that escape the average intuition, or throbbing truths deep in the heart of the great texts, given to those for whom they are prepared. Our ears are

increasingly watchful for the secrets of the Lord, and we can now see quite clearly where but a brief yesterday ago was midnight and disorder. He speaks to all as His light shines into every seedplot of the world; but there must be ears to hear and eyes to see. The speech delivered to an audience of a thousand is as private or public as the number who are open to its affirmations. Even God can not speak to the uncomprehending, and the infant mind must have time to grow to the point of sight and understanding; so there will always be some things that some minds can not now grasp, and therefore a continuously opening revelation. "Some said it thundered, others that an angel spoke."

Iron theologies disappearing.

The man who is coming will have healthy and joyous contact with his environment, and his religion will be the fullest present expression of his human life, his joy and comprehension keeping pace with his capacity. The iron theologies are disappearing, made volatile in

the crucible of love, and the light of the new day is breaking. "Nothing is happier," says Leibnitz, "than God, and nothing more beautiful or worthy of happiness can be conceived." And if we are living from Him and loyally expressing our own nature, which is also His nature, His happiness is carried over into ours and becomes one with it. His joy is in us, as the sun sits within its own radiance. Happiness is inseparable from genuine existence, which involves existence in God; and so far as we are not living from Him, we are in a condition of death. We may steep ourselves in Him to the very rim and depths of consciousness or lie panting on the shores. He rests in us and occupies us as the light occupies the flower, and His life in us is as distinctly ours, and human, as the light in the flower is vegetal. True life is entirely free from the swathings of cult or persuasion; the circumvention characteristic of institutional religions is as distinctly other than the bliss of life as the

sky differs from a fresco. Divorce from nature has left the prescriptive religions stranded and powerless to interest or save.

We ought to know material pleasure.

Physical pleasure is a legitimate approach to the pleasure of the soul, joy on the way to its pure consummation; for corporeal delights are a concomitant of health, the sacred exultation of the flesh. It is salvation of the basic life which is a third of the whole. Physical pleasures are gateways to loftier and more interior ones, and asceticism was a blow at one of the highest laws. We ought to know material happiness that we may pass naturally inward to those which follow in divine order. The feet must touch the earth before the head may be lifted heavenward, and the flesh was designed to thrill with sacred life.

He rejoices in the glowing flesh.

Wholeness of the body is as valid as that of the soul, and the Lord rejoices in the glowing flesh as in the sweetness of a plant or the stability of an oak. As Pons Capdueil has quaintly expressed it:

"Oft have I heard, and deem the witness true,
Whom man delights in, God delights in too."

Nobly planned as we are, with earth and heaven for background, to which we are exquisitely keyed, the perfect juxtaposition should be the expression of our religion. Not one angel in the high heaven but once lived in the world and felt the sting of its trials, the thrill of its delights. The possibilities of our entire nature should be realized, for of what use are they if not for happy ultimation? Then our "speech shall be lyrical, sweet and universal as the wind, of the transcendent simplicity and energy of the highest law." There will be love which radiates, force which acts, and joy that overflows.

Wrestling for self-victory.

To this end we are waging an unconscious battle with the All-Loving, wrestling for self-victory by the strong force of a nature that detects, beating forever in and about us, a new music. As the unfledged bird tries the air in which it is soon to find its durable home, we are faintly but surely

getting the rhythmic and virile motion of the sustaining and guiding Power. Our sorrows are the beating of our wings upon the earth with the effort of adaptation to flight, for until we are fully with Him we must feel His weight against us. When, with eager ears, we detect some strain of heaven, how poor our own voices sound!

Discovering His ways.

The friction of life comes from the want of adaptation, a sure symptom of growth; it is the musician wrestling with his fingers, the sculptor with his tools. The winners in life have discovered His ways and are keeping pace with Him. We know now that by the might of our wills we can not turn laws, we must turn with them, they will aid or crush us as we elect. Civilization's present glory has come by fidelity to law, by avoiding conflict with immutable and good powers, by watching tendencies and stroking nature the proper way. Respect law, and it will run gladly on your errands; antagonize it, and it will be sure to crush you. Wisdom never tries to subvert

facts or lift her own weight. Hoist your sails to the adverse winds and erect your pistons in the rushing current of the steam.

Strife with Him, strife with ourselves.

The secret of modern mechanical ascendancy is the recognition of this truth. The strife with Him is a strife with ourselves—the effort of self-adaptation and balance. We no longer think to alter His mind, but to know it; no longer supplicate, but study His will. Petitionary prayer is now in rare use, and even then we realize that we are appealing to our better nature, contending with our formative powers, suffering the pangs of growth, the adjustment of ourselves to our situation. He changes not at all, we are continually reforming and inuring the life. The unskilled hand struggles with the tool, and when facility comes, the tool is precisely what it was before, but the hand is wonderfully different. We conquer God and the universe by conquering ourselves, by the conformity of the eye, the hand, and the life to what lies about us. Jacob by the

Jabbok, desperately clinging to the mystic angel and refusing to let him go without the coveted blessing, was wrestling with himself, and as a prince he had power with God and prevailed over himself and not over God, as is commonly supposed.

We answer our own prayers by paralleling our lives with the divine laws, and so long as there is any disobedience the battle must go on. The orchestra strives to conform each instrument to one pure note, and when at last that is accomplished the symphony opens. We contend with the mountain and the mountain remains, but the climber has put it triumphantly beneath his feet by changing his own situation; not a rib or yard of the mountain has capitulated. The struggle with self is usually silent, often tragic, and always moving. We can not hear the clash of the passions, or watch the whirl of the soul's wheels, rapid, muffled, like the rush of stars.

We answer our own prayers.

Peace will come with absolute compliance, not by desperately pressing our

Peace with compliance.

eyelids down that we may not see what must and should be seen, engaging all our puny strength with the eternal forces; but by realizing that the alignment of ourselves with God is the first necessity and by setting practically and heroically about it. It is really the pursuit of the soul by the Soul, the Master and the instrument striving to find one harmony. We can not alter destiny; we must bend to it. The ascent is assured, but trial is the method and we can not escape His love.

"I fled Him down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him down the arches of the years;
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind, and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped,
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat,—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet,—
'All things betray thee who betrayest Me.'"

We are unconscious seekers after Him, recovering His spirit and image by an imperceptible metamorphosis. What we love we absorb and become,—and we love the divine Beauty because it is inevitably ours and because He is so lovable as to be irresistible. Our whole being sets to Him, as the full-sailed ship to the open sea; the affinity is absolute and compelling. From our earliest moments we are unwittingly in pursuit of Him and He of us. As Phidias struck away the encompassing stone that veiled the image, we are day by day putting out of ourselves that which is not properly us and which hides our own beauty and peace. Life is the slow resurrection of the better, buried self, as lilies rise from the dark bed of the pond and spread their bosoms to the sky. It is a matter of recent discovery that degeneration has no foundation in fact, though partial views of life would seem to confirm the theory. When development from an invisible and central point became the

What we love we absorb.

theory of the thinkers, new light came and we saw the universe opening from the heart of God like a great tree with one thread of life binding root and leaf. Then we knew that we might investigate in sections, but the creation was a grand whole, momentarily breaking into larger unity. We saw intelligible Love within and beneath all things, evolving them into correspondences and semblances of Himself.

Right will come at last.

We all secretly believe that our best conceptions are the truest, that right will come at last from an inevitable tendency. There is a spirit in the whole creation that buoys it Godward as the grass-blades seek the sun. Storm-tossed atoms, we know that all is well, and sequestrate the tranquillity that lies at the heart of the universe. Our atheisms are comparatively trivial, the ruffled surface of the soul in whose deeps is everlasting peace. And when death comes, it is as welcome as sleep; we know we shall awake renewed and refreshed in the fair morning.

The man within the man fears naught and trusts, is free from stain or injury. Low in the bosom of the lashed sea is an indescribable and lasting repose, and in the high auras the same serenity prevails. In God is rest and gladness, and in Him we live.

The theoretical and literary Deity.

Those yearnings for purity that drift like great white birds across the expanse of every soul, those callings for God as the lost child calls in the darkness for its mother, indicate surely what and whom we are. We have heard Him speak the language of humanity and have felt beating in His heart the heart of all. A God not interpretable to us in terms of humanity we could not comprehend, and this is why the theological Deity has never appealed to the heart. If He had not visualized Himself in man, and loved like man, we could not have received Him, because we could not comprehend Him. He came imaged in man because He was man from heart to finger-tips; for if man is in the image of

God, surely God must be in the image of man. His revelation was an unveiling of human nature. A God not explicable in terms of humanity could not exist for us, and the theoretical and literary Deity has never been accepted as the Father of men. The implacable and iron gods of the philosophies have never made any heart-appeal to the race. He comes as nature breathes in spring into the midst of His children, loving firesides more than cathedrals; He is the God of the hearth, but with the breadth of the infinite between Himself and us. His quality is the same as ours, with that quality multiplied by the measureless; we are the drop of the ocean, He the ocean with properties common to both.

God's honor bound up with our success.

We must stand or fall with Him and are intimately bound up with His immortality and honor. There are those who claim to believe in God but despair of man; this is because they do not comprehend that the nature of man is one with His.

"Because I live ye shall live also." To disbelieve in man, in human life, is due to a dearth of intelligence and conscience; to feel that the earth is a lost colony, an enterprise fallen through, to doubt the triumph of justice, of brotherly love, of all the good under all forms of expression, is the fatal incredulity. The honor of His name is concerned in our affairs and He is not going to fail. He who planted the stars in the soil of night, breathing from chaos and blackness the present beauty, who has guided and nourished the adorable creation from the beginning to this hour, surely knows what He is doing and what He has the energy and wisdom to do. Considering He has so well brought all forward to this moment, persistently evolving the better from the good, can we not repose in His love? In spite of occasional misgivings, we know He is the responsible Caretaker, and that He must take pride in the success of His worlds. Matters can not therefore end otherwise than as He at

first planned; we cannot derange them nor block His sure purposes.

"So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on."

All things will reach ripeness and beauty on schedule time.

Smile of the Watch.

Only here and there one rises to the height of present privilege; when will humanity as a whole assume it? When will the pulse of all beat with the music of His? We must await with firm expectation the natural awakening of divine consciousness in society. It is not yet light, but signs of coming day make it inevitably sure; it will arrive like a dawning thought intrinsic to the mind of the race and destined to become the thought of all. Thus all great principles have found fruition and victory. "A great storm had broken upon the sea and the good ship was riding hard at anchor. It raged with unabated violence, now threatening to tear her from her moorings, now to overwhelm and break her to pieces on the rocks.

After twenty-seven hours of imminent peril I made my way aft and saw the tremendous spectacle of the waves. On deck there was a solitary individual to give the alarm in the event of the ship's breaking from her moorings, and he stood at the foremast, to which he had lashed himself to prevent his falling upon the deck or being washed overboard. As I looked at him he appeared to smile. That smile of the watch on deck subdued my fears, and from that time I was perfectly at ease and entirely resigned to the ultimate result." The Watch is on deck and He is smiling! "The sea is His also!"

"Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper Voice across the storm."

"O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,
Marches of victory—man disenthral'd—the conqueror at last,
Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy!
A reborn race appears—a perfect world, all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence, and health—all joy!

The Balanced Life

Riotous laughing bacchanals fill'd with joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—
nothing but joy left!
The ocean fill'd with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in the ecstasy
of life!
Enough to merely be! enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!"—WALT WHITMAN.

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